THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

BISDON DEL. SC.

VOL. IX.—No. 22. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

MY HONEST FRIEND.

He came to me so smilingly,
And shook me by the hand,
And spoke to me so silverly,
In tones so smooth and bland,
That, though I did not know him, yet
His way and mien, so kind,
Proclaimed at once the gentleman
We now-days seldom find.

He spoke to me so cordially
About his home affairs;
He spoke to me so willingly
Of all his business cares.
He told me most that happened from
The moment of his birth;
I grasped his hand in joy to find
I'd found a soul of worth.

He drew me now so lovingly
A little way aside,
And whispered me confidingly,
With air so *bona fide*,
And said it was with deep chagrin
That he did ask of me—
But did I have about me, then,
So small thing as a "V?"

I slipped the sum right eagerly
Into his honest hand;
He bowed to me so tearfully—
My friend he'd ever stand.
We parted—but death soon, alas!
O'ertook this nature's prince;
That is—I think he must be dead,
For I've not seen him since!

DICK DARLING;

OR,

A SHORT AND A MERRY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER I.

The Boarding School Girl—Coming Events—Lize—Plans for the Future—The Sport.

In a town not far from Boston, known at the time we write as Baldwinsville, there resided a middle aged man whose name the place bore. Stephen Baldwin had abandoned business many years before his introduction to the reader, and with his only child, a daughter, rested from his labors in ease and affluence.

As our story will not often refer to the old gentleman, with these few words we will dismiss him, and introduce our heroine.

In a large and elegantly furnished room of the Baldwin Mansion, late in the fall and late in the evening, there sat Stephen's only child and her confidential servant and nurse, Lize.

Annette Baldwin had been at a fashionable boarding school in the city of Boston for a year past; she was now home for the vacation. With what benefit she had pursued her studies, can be best gathered from the conversation taking place on this, the evening of her arrival, with the colored nurse Lize, whose huge figure, as she sat in the window, threw completely in the shade the petite person of the girlish Annette, who, with head bowed on her clasped hands, rocked to and fro on a low seat at her side.

"Bress the Lord, my ole missis is gone out of the way of all this sorry an' trouble you've been an' brought on us!" broke out the old negress, as she gazed not unkindly on the sobbing girl. "What'll Massa Baldwin say?" she continued; "what'll he do? Jess as sure as you're a sittin' thar, he'll turn you out of the house, without a cent, when he comes to know it."

"But why should he know it?" said Annette, springing to her feet, and thereby disclosing to a careful observer the cause of Annette's weeping, and Lize's anger; "why should he know it? I can come and go as I like. Why not give out my intention of visiting some school mate, and go with you to your daughter's, in Boston, and remain there till I can safely return; you shall stay and nurse, and the day I come in possession of this property—as I surely shall—I will settle $600 a year on you, though you lived to eternity to claim the annuity?"

It was plain the seed was being sown in good ground, for the old woman, after asking what her Jane would think to see her young missus comin there in such a fix, finally agreed to accompany her to her daughter's—a well to do colored woman in Pitt street—stay with them till the child was born, and providing it lived (which the old woman thought hardly possible) she would find some one to take care of it. Having thus settled the particulars of Annette's *visit* to some innocent school friend, their talk turned to the cause of all this trouble—the father of the lady's yet unborn child. On this subject the air Annette waxed eloquent.

"He was magnificent, dark, and dashing, and they had carried on the flirtation in so romantic a manner."

"Yes indeedy," said Lize, "morantic enough, and a putty flirtation it is, taken all together. If you go on flirtationing that way for a length of period, what a nice family you'll have, without any fathers. But why don't yer marry this 'nificent young duck?"

"For the best reason in the world; he is in the possession of another; and besides, were he single, father would never hear a word of it. *He's a sport!*"

"So I should judge," returned Lize. "Oh! whatever is agoing to become of a thing of sixteen, who comes home from boarding school in that air way, and then boasts that the father of her brat is a sport?"

"Become of me?" returned Annette. "Why, I shall in my day be a rich woman, and with plenty of lovers, plenty of money, a good education, and beauty like mine, the world will be a gay one indeed. Lyme shall ever be my lover—the men shall adore me—the women envy—so what more can I wish? We will go to Jane's next week, and I will go to school, after it's all over, just the same as ever I was. So good night, Aunty, your fortune's made, and things aint as bad as at first I had supposed."

So speaking, Annette left the room, and passing through her bed chamber, she was soon deep in a yellow-covered novel, while Lize, still sitting in the window, thought of the intricate piece of manœuvring she had to carry out. Counting up on her fingers, she seemed suddenly struck with some idea.

"De Lord, now," she muttered to herself; "I most believe Jane and de Missus will be sick together. That wont matter. I'd jess as leef take care of two as one."

While the negro woman sits speculating on the probable consequences of this adventure, and the young lady lies wrapt in some tale of fictitious woe, we will leave the family mansion of the Baldwins, and take a look at the prospective parent of Annette's child. For this purpose we find ourselves late in the evening standing in front of an elegant private house in Pemberton Square, near the corner of Howard street; and as the place and its inmates are deserving a full and elaborate description, we will make them the subject of

CHAPTER II.

Boston—The Trap Room—The Sports—Oily Brandy—An Abrupt Visit—Lyme Driscoll—How he Fixed 'em—The Black Prince—More Trouble.

Boston—staid, quiet, religious, go to meeting Boston—is tucked up and sleeping the sleep of the just; and a cursory glance would indicate that this slow looking edifice shared the universal slumber; which only goes to show that appearances are extremely deceitful. Within the large oaken door which bears on each pannel a large carved deer's head, there is another of green baize. Ringing at the bell within, the ebony head of a negro appears, and our party, consisting of you and I, reader, and a gentleman we found on the steps before us, pass in. To the right is a quiet parlor—at the left a quiet parlor—directly in front a long, quiet passage—at the end of which all quiet ends. This passage leads quite into Howard street, and forms the private entrance of the celebrated Prop Room, long kept by Andy Bird and Lyme Driscoll. With the latter we have some slight acquaintance, and as Andy is quite notorious in his way, a description of himself and surroundings may not be uninteresting. Andy Bird, at the time we first enter, is leaning carelessly over the bar, at the lower end of the room, talking with Billy Teade. In person, the gallant Andy towers far above his curley headed, dapper little friend; and the short crop of reddish hair, surmounting his anatomy, gives him no claim to beauty; but the fine eyes and handsome mouth, although they cannot do away with the effect of the red head and stooping shoulders, have made Andy's fortune with many a member of the weaker sex. Around the room the faces are familiar—many of them celebrated—for the place is the resort of the entire fraternity of sporting men.

Business is not the order of the night; but on this occasion, Andy's house is the assignation place of the boys, all waiting anxiously for the hour of four, when carriages will convey the whole party out of town some few miles, to the spot selected for a long talked of prize fight.

"Half past twelve by Col. Johnson's regulator," sung out Corinthian Tom; "time will run all the easier for a little greasing. Where's that brandy you say goes down like oil?"

Andy turned into the bar at this remark, and set before the worthy Tom the required article. One by one the occupants of the room straggled up to the bar, and poured out their "drops." At this instant, the door leading into the passage was flung violently open, and Lyme Driscoll appeared, without hat or coat; his forehead was bleeding from a cut over his left eye, and one shirt sleeve was torn entirely off. This sudden apparition caused a general move among the party at the end of the room, whilst Andy rapidly crossed to meet his partner.

"What's up now?" was the appeal—for to see Lyme in a row was no unusual thing.

"Nothing," was the reply, "only I've got eleven of the city guardians in the cellar. I was over in Vine street, at Kate's, and coming back, I observed this party laying low at the corner; knowing there'd be a start from my place for the fight, I crept round to Court street, called for Tom Teade, and we just put it up between us. We got the back cellar open, and I sounded the alarm. Down valiantly to the rescue of some poor wretch they went, all but two; those two I engaged with outside, and in the encounter I got my head cut; but Tom, one way or another, got that infernal ready knife out, and salt won't save him, for the ugly cut he gave the captain.

"D——n!" broke in Jim Teade, the third brother, as Bill Mundey asked where Tom then was.

"Safe, of course," responded Lyme; "do you suppose I left him locked in with the police? No, he's gone for the carriages, and we must be out of this d——d sudden. I'm only sorry I called Tom into the business. He's sure to pull a knife on any one in a tussle, and killing a dozen men don't begin with scratching a policeman. However, while the birds are safe we'll start," and the gentleman so saying darted from the room, followed by the crowd.

Taking a shirt from the colored man in the hall, and which he had sent for, as he passed through, our friend pulled the torn garment over his head, and putting his coat on his arm, and shirt in hand, walked briskly up the street.

Lyme Driscoll was thirty years of age; the short, thick, curling black hair that clustered round his dark face, and the jet black eyes, heavy moustache, and glittering teeth, seemed to prove him to be what woman had long called him, of creole birth; and as he walked down the shadowy street that night, his body bare to the waist, his swarthy shoulders, and fine carriage, entitled him to his nick name of the "Black Prince."

"How's the little girl at the south end?" asked Andy, who had joined his partners.

"She's gone home," said Lyme, "and there's more trouble," he added; "old Steve would be a tough man for me; she's an only child, and, being but a child, will have no more sense than at the first discovery to fall on her knees and confess all. My complicity in the affair is easily proved, and the vengeance of that hard old curmudgeon would reach me wherever I might be."

"Trust to luck," was the cheerful rejoinder of Andy; "the girl's no fool; and whatever the exposure may be, she'll shield you, I warrant." At the Revere House they found Tom Teade with the carriages, and in a few moments our party were on the Tremont road, bound for the scene that the worthy police had undertaken to prevent them from participating in.

CHAPTER III.

The Two Infants—Little Dick—Flats—The School Girl Again—On the Sly—Found Out—Smells a Mice—Recognition—The Threat—The Frail Annette.

"Lize, come here; do you think the child will live?"

"Live! to be sure—it's a fine, hearty little kid, as like, and liker to live than Jane's white-livered thing," was the response of our old acquaintance Lize, who sat a few weeks after our first interview with her in an upper room of the house in Pitt street. In a neat and comfortable bed lay the young mother, while in a cradle before the nurse slept two infants, but a day or two's difference in their ages, yet widely different in appearance—the one, thin and weakly, while the larger and younger—a big, double-fisted fellow—dark enough to pass for a relation of Lize's—lay staring at the top of his willow cradle, and brandishing his clenched fists at imaginary foes—and yet the mulatto mother, Jane (who was about the house), had given birth a week before to the puny, pale boy at the foot of the cradle, while the dun colored hero was the child of the fair Annette. Jane had consented to accept the care of both children, and her neighbors had congratulated her upon being the mother of so fine a pair of twins.

The father, upon returning and being informed of the event, and shown the "little twins," expressed himself very well satisfied at the largest, but thought the other might as well have given up any idea of being born, some time ago, and subsided altogether. However galling this might have been to Jane, she uttered no reproof, but quietly nursed her own and her adopted child. But when, a month after, the grave closed over her own little one, she had become so much attached to the young Lyman—as he had been named—that, fearing some day it might be taken from her, she determined to keep her secret even from her mother, and so wrote of the death of the little Lyme, and hinted that as she had done all that a mother could for the infant, she hoped Annette would not forget her child Dick, who, grown stout and healthy, gave promise of being a noble little fellow. This letter found Annette watching at what proved to be the death bed of her father. So when the excitement and grief had passed, she thought of Jane's letter; it was with a sense of relief she believed her unfortunate son had thus early given over his encounter with life, and gratitude for Jane's faithful keeping of her secret, prompted her to write to Jane that until her boy arrived at man's estate, she could look to her for the means to clothe and educate him. This done, the young and wealthy orphan plunged into the pleasures of an unrestrained life, and beyond some idle remark of Lize's, forgot entirely the episode of her school days. But although the child she had seen once or twice was forgotten, the love was not; so when Annette found herself in possession of her late father's great wealth, her first thought was for Lyme. She loved and admired his reckless, dare-devil spirit. Among all her acquaintances, numerous as they were, she saw no one that could compare with the handsome sport. That he loved her, she never believed, for no sign or token had she received from him since her leaving school. "But," she inwardly resolved, "he *shall* love me; if he admires adventure, if he can be brought to admire a woman for spirit, he shall love me. I have the means to pursue any course, however mad and dangerous it may be, and Lyme shall cease to look at me as a school girl."

So, planning the ways and means for winning the heart of Lyme Driscoll, Annette Baldwin got through the period of her mourning, and early in spring found herself mistress of an elegant house in Beacon street, Lize installed as housekeeper, and Jane a frequent visitor, often accompanied by the late little Lyme, now known as Dick Darling. At first, the sight of the child revived a recollection of her supposed lost babe; but finally she became so used to seeing the little fellow, and amused by his infant ways, that when one night Lyme, who had become almost domesticated at the Baldwin House, suddenly asked Annette if their had been any cause for the alarm in which she had left school so long before; she was quite surprised to find that she had so far forgotten the adventure as never to have named it.

"How old did the little fellow live to be?" he asked, as Annette finished the account of her illness.

"Well, really," said she, "I have never asked Jane for the particulars, but if it will amuse you, you shall have them. She is in the house, and I will send for her. As she might think, and very properly, that you were in some way interested as to ask before you for an account of *her* loss, suppose you draw your chair to the window, and pull the curtain around you." Thus speaking, she rang the bell, and Lyme, lazily rising, lit a fresh cigar, lowered the gas, threw himself into an easy chair in the recess of the window, and was completely hidden by the lace and brocade that swept in heavy folds from floor to ceiling.

"Send Jane to me," Annette said to the man who answered her summons, and in a moment or two Jane bonnetted and shawled entered the room, with Dick in her arms.

"Jane," said the young lady, "as I sat here to-night I happened to think of the baby you wrote me you lost, and as I am interested in any thing concerning you, let me hear about it."

Jane, with a knowing smile, sat down beneath the gas light, and the young Dick—awakened by its gleam on his face—began to move about restlessly on her lap; unfastening his cloak and cap, she put him on the carpet, and commenced the desired recital.

"You see, Miss, though he was a strong enough child at first, he never took to me to nurse, and I could'nt make it eat enough to keep a mosquito alive—so it got sick, and cross, and many's the night I walked the floor till day, from him crying and fretting. It was a pretty child, but weak, and as it never would have made a strong man, like Dick there, I wasn't sorry for his sake when it died. I neglected Dick then," she continued "for I found I wasn't able to nurse both, so I weaned Dick. It wasn't much trouble, for he can't bear to be held much, and as for nursing he was never willing; he's a tough fellow."

The tough fellow at this moment crept across the room to the window where Lyme sat, and pulling himself up by the curtain stood looking at that individual so, that Lyme, thinking he would make light of the discovery, picked up the child, and came forward. Jane looked with some surprise at the new comer—then at the child in his arm. The same thick set head, the short curly hair, thicker and blacker on the man to be sure—the same large bright eyes, and swarthy skin. Jane saw at a glance that the child was in its father's arms, while the quick witted Lyme, marking the surprise on Jane's face, also struck with the appearance of the child, understood the deceit that had been practised, and felt equally sure that the young gentleman who was clasping him tightly about the neck, owned his existence to the "Black Prince."

"You can go, now," said Annette. "I had forgotten you were there," she added, turning to Lyme, who, releasing the child, placed him in his mother's arms. "Yes," retorted Lyme, "I myself had forgotten, since I was asleep when the child discovered me," and in an undertone he said something of an appointment, and that he would be in again during the evening. Passing out, he crossed the street, and awaited the coming out of Jane. That event transpired within a few moments, and as Jane turned up Tremont street, Lyme joined her.

"You're quite sure it was *your* child that died?" began that worthy, as he reached her side.

"They were *both* my children," retorted the woman.

"Oh, come now," said Lyme, "there's not a drop of mulatto blood in that child you have in your arms, and what's more, it's mine, and you know it as well as I. Your would-be fast mistress—shrewd as she may be—does not perceive the fraud you have practiced on her. *I do*; I know you, Jane; you used to be a waiter at Brigham's, and married—"

"Hush, Dick, darling," muttered the frightened Jane, as she stilled the child in her arms.

The quick ears of Lyme Driscoll caught the words, and in a moment he thought of the big negro servant at his place in Howard street.

"Married Dick Darling," continued Lyme, "and Dick one night, some time ago, stabbed a policeman in the cellar of my house."

"It's false!" cried Jane; "Dick told me at the time the man was stabbed, that he was in the upper part of the house, because I'm always frightened when there's any row there, lest Dick should be mixed up in it."

"Never mind," said Lyme, "what Dick told you. I shall tell him to-night. The child you are keeping as your own is mine; he will see the likeness, and be convinced of the truth. I shall then assure him that unless the child is given up to me, I shall put him to the trouble of proving that he did not stab the policeman in my cellar, as he was seen by the cook to burn a torn and bloody shirt that night; it may go hard with him."

So saying, Lyme struck suddenly across the street, and entered the Tremont House, leaving the bewildered Jane to find her way home with the child that she now saw, with all her care, she was about to lose.

That night, after a talk with Dick Darling, Lyme Driscoll lay in the parlor devoted to his private use, and meditated the course he should pursue in reference to his child.

"She's evidently getting sick of a fast life," he said to himself. "This will soon wear off—she's bound to marry—my fortunes may change—there's many ups and downs in a gambler's life—and what a heavy stake I can pull one of these odd days by means of this same child. It's too good a thing to let slip," he concluded.

Using some knowledge he had of Dick's performances, by threats of losing his place—which was a good one—and promises of future favors, Lyme got possession of the child. Placing it in the care of a woman who had in her day seen a good deal of Lyme's affairs, he contented himself by an occasional visit.

As he had surmised, Annette before long became sick of the life she had led, and after a short engagement to a prominent member of the Boston bar, she married. At twenty, she was a beautiful and wealthy woman, and although called gay, no suspicion of evil had ever darkened her name. The intimacy between herself and Driscoll had never been known, and had now ceased altogether. Beyond some slight recognition when they met on the street, no acquaintance existed, and as the world used Lyme exceedingly well, he had no occasion to trouble the fair and frail Annette.

So time wore on. Annette's husband, Lloyd Prescott, found it for his advantage to locate in New York. Thither Mrs. Prescott and Lize had moved, and five years after the birth of her first child, the old woman was called to care for what the world called Mrs. Prescott's first—a delicate little girl. Courted and flattered in society, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth, we will leave them for a time.

ABOUT DOGS.—Many who have closely studied the distinctive attributes of dogs, in all their varied races, divide the palm for intelligence and affection between the poodle and terrier. Others prefer the shepherd's cooley. The Newfoundland dog ranks lower in the scale than he did formerly. Hounds seldom form individual attachments to men, unless they are domesticated early in life, and brought up singly. The Danish or Dalmatian carriage dog is a creature of locality. He devotes himself to the stable of his companion horses. During King Charles the First's troubles, a discourse arose one day as to what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence; and it being, on all hands, agreed to belong either to the spaniel or grey hound, the King gave his opinion in favor of the grey hound, "because," he said, "he has all the good nature of the other without his fawning." The story is told by Pope, who said it was related to him by Sir Wm. Trumbull, who had it from one that was present. In "Camden's Britannia" we find a curious paragraph, stating that in the year 1299, at Genelon Castle, in Burgundy, there was a battle, or rather fight of dogs, where every one killed another, being in number 3000. One dog alone survived. Dogs bay at the moon either from pleasure or disturbance. Who can tell which? They also howl on the approaching death of a member of the family, to which they belong. If they do this from intelligence or sympathy, or presentiment, it increases their claims on the attention of men. All legends, too, unite in saying that dogs (and horses also) are susceptible of superstitious terror. There have been few instances of prudence and shrewdness more remarkable than the fact of a little dog, who being attacked by a much more powerful animal, brought another abler than himself from a distance of 100 miles to revenge his wrong, and then returned home with his protector after the latter had chastised the aggressor, gaily frisking his tail in token of satisfaction. And what can surpass the reminiscent acumen of a spaniel who, having a damaged leg cured, brought a companion to the same doctor, to be relieved from a similar casualty?

"SECESH" PEACHES, ONE DOLLAR PER DOZEN.—Soon after the 2d Michigan regiment went into camp at their present post, near Arlington, a messenger from a rank secessionist asked of Col. Richardson that a guard be placed around a very fine peach orchard on his place. This was done, and for several days the peaches were allowed to ripen undisturbed. Happening there one day, the Colonel picked from the ground half a dozen peaches, when he was met by the owner, who, in a very pompous manner, said, "pay me for those peaches, sir." "Certainly," said the Colonel, "how much shall I pay?" "Fifty cents," said the rebel. Handing him the money, the Colonel turned to the guard and said, "now go to your camp, boys." Hold on, here," said Secesh: "Col. Richardson sent those men here." "To be sure he did," replied the Colonel, "and he now sends them back."

A VENERABLE DRUM.—They have a drum in the Ohio 5th regiment, now on duty in Missouri, which is carried by a boy named Banks. His grandfather beat it in the old revolutionary time—his father carried it in the Mexican war, and it is now a third time made available during one of our great historical epochs.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. C. B, Conajoharie, N. Y.—"Considerable trouble has arisen in our Ball Club, upon the following question. Will you please answer, if I succeed in putting it plainly? A strikes a ball which is caught upon the fly. B starts from his base after the ball is caught. Is he obliged to return? We all admit, generally, that a man must return when a ball is taken on the fly; but the question arises when is the fly over. Some say, not until the ball be returned to the pitcher, while others say as soon as the ball be caught, and yet a third party say not until it be thrown up by the fielder who caught it".....No base can be made when a ball has been caught on the fly. Any player running a base at such a time must return to the base he last left, and wait there until the ball has been settled in the hands of the pitcher; after which, and not before, he can attempt to run his base again. He must not leave the base until the ball is in the hands of the pitcher.

Empire Club, Norwich, N. J.—*Base Ball*—By putting a strict construction on rule Rule 11, in the Massachusetts game, we should consider that A was entitled to but one more strike, since we see nothing in B's running a base that interferes at all with the rules governing the striker.

Charlie, Buffalo—Your letter, dated the *first* inst., and post-marked the *fifth*, reached us on the 6th. Most of the news it contained had been anticipated. We strive to give our readers the latest intelligence, so that it may not be too stale even when copied into the many papers that await the weekly publication of the Clipper.

Excelsior, Brother Falls—1. You ought to be the judge of what increase you can bear without injury—there is no rule upon the subject. The increase should be graduated according to your strength. 2 The book is not out. Able-bodied men between 18 and 45 are liable, married or single.

L. Y., Auburn—1. Heenan did not challenge Morrissey after the return of the former to this country. 2. In the dispute in the vicinity of the Park, between Heenan and Morrissey, the latter did not state that he would fight the winning man, but that he would fight Heenan should *he* be the winner.

Wm. H. H., Baltimore.—1. Your querie is of so delicate and personal a nature that we must respectfully decline to reply. 2 We were already posted in reference to "matters and things" in your city, but are much obliged to you nevertheless.

South Boston—1. Dan Donnelly's height was 6 feet ¾ inch, and Morrissey's 5 feet 11¾ inches. 2 We published the fight between Donnelly and Cooper a week or two since, to which we refer you, and by which you can form an opinion for yourself.

A Constant Reader, N. Y.—1. He never trained Sayers, but whether he ever assisted him in the capacity of second, we do not know positively, but believe he did.

Privateer, N. Y.—A note addressed to the Presidents of the respective clubs will doubtless elicit a favorable reply. Our record does not cover the ground.

F. V. A. S., Cincinnati.—You had better procure a copy of the new tariff act; it would require too much space to answer your questions fully in this department.

J. G. A., Philad'a.—Sketches of nearly all of any note in the profession will appear in the course of our publications of dramatic biographies.

Corp. Flavin.—We should hesitate about giving advice on the subject. The Surgeon of your regiment is the proper person to apply to.

Phonography, Philad'a.—We already have a correspondent who furnishes us with such items.

W. S. K.—*Draughts.*—Mary E. M moves 8 to 12. It was received too late to appear in the proper department.

H. L., Pittsburgh.—The American Draught Player "still lives." We can forward a copy for $2.

Charlie, Boston.—Her mother attends to the professional business of the lady

W. J.—Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, was born in Nov., 1840.

The Amateur Billiard Tournament, which has been in progress for some weeks at Phelan's Saloon, on Broadway, is about to be brought to a close, the time of its duration expiring on the 20th inst., when the four gentlemen who have made the highest counts at the following games—four ball carom, around the table, three ball French, and carom pool—will on dates yet to be named, contend in the final bouts for the prize offered by Messrs. Phelan & Collender—a handsome inlaid table valued at $700. The highest runs remain as they were given in the Clipper a week or two since, the scorers of which will in all probability have to contend for the prize, and, according to the terms of the original announcement, within thirty days of the date above named. They will have to decide among themselves, at what particular game, and when, within the specified period, the affair shall be decided. Amateur billiard players are intensely interested in reference to the result, and are making the best use of the short time yet remaining for them to get a chance in. The gentleman that scored 898 at carom pool, is "spotted" as the winner by most persons, but whether his skill and nerve will stand the final test, remains to be seen.

"Split Chip Zouaves."—Under this title some of the sports of Boston think of forming a regiment to tackle the "Black Guard Cavalry" of South Carolina. The officers proposed for the "Split Chips" are Colonel Dr. Providence Marshall; Lieut Col, Lotion G. Robbins; Major, Sleeper Peeley; Adjutant, Style C. Blanchard; Surgeon, Dr. Brown; Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Dowd; Quartermaster, Peppermint C. Henry; Paymaster, Shang C. Moore; Serjeant Major, C. Gallagher; Drum Major, B Herald Tracy. A recruiting office has been opened, it is said, and the recruiting goes on as fast as the Chips can be picked up. The officers request us to return their thanks to their brother Chips in this city for a supply of good things sent them for their banquet on the occasion of their organization.

Harry Finegass, well known to the sporting community of this city, Boston, and other places, was in the city last week. He recently returned from Virginia, where he held a Lieutenancy in the 3d Connecticut Regiment, but whose term of service has expired. Harry was so pleased with the excitement attending a soldier's life that he intends to try it again, and it is not improbable that he may be appointed to a position in the regular forces.

The War.—Day by day our army gains in strength and discipline, and day by day increases our faith in the ability of the government to suppress the rebellion. Our enemies are not idle, however. They are busily engaged in strengthening their positions, and boldly make a stand in sight of our own lines. They no doubt consider our army less formidable now than it was before the battle of Bull Run. Let them think so. When the next shock of battle comes, the carnage will be more frightful in the rebel ranks than it was at Manassas.

Ed Price Seized On.—Ed Price, the boxer, it seems, had a little set to with an individual by the name of Ingersoll, one night last week, drawing the claret of that individual. For thus exercising his mawleys, Price was hauled up before Justice Kelly, to answer for the offence of assault and battery. No price was set on Price's head therefor, and he was allowed to depart, by promising to refrain from punching the heads of such men as Ingersoll hereafter, "or any other man."

Grindvil, the Champion Runner.—This celebrated pedestrian is with Col. Kerrigan's regiment, stationed at Arlington Mills, on the other side of the Potomac. We received a letter and photograph from him a few days since, the latter an excellent likeness. John would like to have "just a few days furlough" to see New York once more.

An Immense Train.—At Rochester, N. Y., on the 2d inst, the longest train of cars, probably, ever seen in the world, passed over the Central Railroad from the east. It was *one mile and a quarter and thirty rods* in length, and was drawn by five locomotives. Of course but few of the cars were loaded. They were bound for Buffalo, to be there loaded with western produce.

Faro.—We understand that several prominent "bankers" in the game of faro, in this city, have sustained considerable losses of late, some of them being entirely "broke," and running in debt largely in the hope of retrieving their losses. Some who, a short time since were worth thousands of dollars, are now penniless. Such are the ups and downs of a gambler's life.

New York Juniors vs Staten Island Juniors.—A very interesting cricket match will take place on the New York grounds, on Saturday Sept, 14th, the occasion being the first contest between eleven juniors, who have been practising under the teaching of the New York club, and eleven young players from Staten Island.

Return Match.—The return match between the Eckford and Empire clubs will take place at Hoboken on the 11th inst.

HEENAN AND MACE.

MACE WILL FIGHT FOR $2500.

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

Heenan's Belt in the Hands of a Pawnbroker.

IT IS SOLD AT AUCTION AS AN UNREDEEMED PLEDGE.

THE END OF THE FARCE.

Heenan's last offer—made through Jack Macdonald—to fight any man in England for $5000, had not been accepted at last advices, and we are not apprised that any one has it in contemplation to accept. Mace, the present champion of England, does not seem disposed to stake more than $2500 for a meeting with the American, as may be seen by the following card:—

Mace and Heenan.—Jem Mace, seeing a challenge from Heenan to fight any man in England, for £1,000 a side, irrespective of the belt, informs Heenan that he can be on with him after his fight with King, for £500 a side, to be left open for £1,000. Mace's engagements are such, that at present he cannot leave England. Mace will meet any one on Heenan's behalf either at his residence or at *Bell's Life* office, and stake £50 and draw up articles, *Mace wishing for business, and no paper talk.*

Heenan, as we have before stated, has authorized Macdonald to come down to $5000 a side, but Mace will probably stand where he is. He will not fight in this country, in any event. All things considered, appearances indicate a lack of that true British pride and pluck which characterized the champions of former days. Heenan is not so anxious for a match as some of his advisers are that he should fight. He is doing very well in Washington, just now, and is not so bad off for the sinews of war as those who control him are. It were better that a second International Match should be declared "off," rather than have it come to such a disastrous finale as that which attended the Farnborough fight.

This brings to mind another chapter in that celebrated event, and in which Heenan's (?) belt has played a prominent part, to the mortification, no doubt, of the speech makers, and all others interested in the "grand presentation." The belt which was "presented" to Heenan with such a flourish, at last found its way *into the hands of a pawnbroker*, and was recently sold at auction among *a lot of unredeemed pledges!* This is the belt that the people of England presented to John Heenan on condition that he would forego all claim to the original belt, of which it was a *fac simile*. The following account of the sale, and the causes that led to it, we copy from a late number of the London *Era*:—

Sayers and Heenan's Fight for the Championship.—This event has again been revived in Sporting circles, but in a not very reputable manner. It will be recollected that in consequence of the battle being drawn, and the stakes divided, neither party was to have the belt, but that Sayers should hold it till it had been fought for again. It was then proposed that two new belts should be made, *fac similes* of, and equal in value to the original, which was accordingly done by Mr. Hancock, of Bruton street, and a night was appointed for presenting them to the heroes at the Alhambra Palace, Leicester square—a very high figure being charged for admission. After the belts had been girded round them, and they had exhibited them, they were returned for the purpose of receiving some finishing touch from the hands of the silversmith or engraver, but they were never *bona fide* returned to them. The same performance was repeated in various Provincial towns, and also in Ireland; but Heenan, fancying more profitable ground might be trodden, determined to return to America while the iron was still hot, so a day was appointed for a general settlement, and when the men had received the sums due to them, it was pointed out that the subscriptions for the belts had not yet been completed (for, of course, after reading a description of the formal presentation, the public discontinued subscribing), and that they must each pay half the balance remaining due, between £70 and £80. Both having indignantly refused, Heenan returned home, and the belts were left until after the fight between Hurst and Paddock, when Sayers had to relinquish the original belt, which he had been loaned to enable him to fulfil the renewed engagement with Messrs. Howe and Cushing. Therefore, it being necessary to exhibit a belt, and a new one would cost about £100, half the balance remaining due was paid, and that of Sayers liberated, and has since been worn by him at the daily Provincial engagements, whilst Heenan returned home without one, as it was kept by Mr. Morris, the proprietor of the New York Hotel, Leicester square, who refused to part with it till the whole of the money had been paid. Although there was a deal said about it at the time, nothing more particular was heard of it till Tuesday, Aug. 20, when it made its re-appearance at Messrs. Debenham and Storr's Auction Room, King street, Covent-garden, *amongst the stock of unredeemed pledges.* How disgracefully appropriate was it to send it amongst *unredeemed pledges. Was it a satire upon the pledge given to Heenan that he should have the belt remaining unredeemed?* At all events there it was, in a morocco case underneath the rostrum of the auctioneer, and simply described in the Catalogue as "Lot 67. A Champion's belt." As soon as it became known, a member of the sporting fraternity, and gentlemen patrons of the P. R made up their minds to go in for it, although some had doubtful hopes that it was not the real Simon Pure; but those hopes were soon dispelled on reading the inscription on the tablet—"Presented to J. C. Heenan, by F. S. Dowling, Esq., Referee and Editor of *Bell's Life in London*, May 30th, 1860." After the belt had been exhibited round the room, the bidding was commenced at £10, which was very quickly run up to £25. Here the bidding halted for some time, and a consultation seemed to take place between several agents and their principals, the former having evidently gone to the extent of their orders. The bidding then re-commenced, guinea by guinea, till a strong voice said "twenty-nine." "Who is that tall, stout person, that bid then?" inquired a young gentleman standing by our side, "That is Ben Caunt," we replied. On went the guineas again, till 35 had been reached, when our young friend again asked, "Who is that in the light coat that offered 35?" "That Sir, is Jem Mace, the present Champion of England." "Thank, you," he replied; then turning to a friend, he said in a drawling tone, "Chawles, that is James Mace, our Champion." The betting was now very spirited, the proprietor of a sporting paper leaving off at 42 guineas, and it reached 47, when another slight halt took place; but very soon a voice triumphantly exclaimed, 50 guineas, "51, sir," said Ben Caunt, "and I'll have it if it costs me 100." This was a clincher, as all the persuasive powers of the auctioneer could not get another bid, but pronounced the final "gone," when Ben Caunt redeemed the belt, but the *pledge* given to Heenan still remains *unredeemed.* The bid of 50 guineas was made by Mr. Newbold, the publisher, of the Strand. The weight of metal is about sixty ounces in the belt.

Thus endeth another chapter in the frauds and dishonesty which attended the International match. We have been under the impression of late that there was a better feeling being manifested in England towards Heenan; but if this last act is to be taken as an evidence of it, we have been greatly mistaken. If there really existed a disposition in London to wipe out the past, and evince in future a spirit of fair play toward the Benicia Boy, here was an opportunity to show it. Less than $300, we understand, would have secured the belt, but the Londoners permitted their "unredeemed pledge" to be knocked down to the highest bidder, at a pawnbroker's sale. With this evidence of English friendly feeling towards Heenan, what can we expect should he make a second appearance in the British Prize Ring? Let him ponder on it well before he takes passage for London. This belt business has undeceived us. The same feeling of hostility towards the American still exists, without doubt, and the Boy should throw no chance away. The champion belt of England may be fought for by outsiders, *but may not be won!* Mobs will execute what a single individual may fail to do. If we are to have a second International Fight, *let the battle be fought on this side of the Atlantic*, or not at all. It may seem somewhat strange to our readers that we should seek to discourage another match. If self-interest actuated us, we should say to Heenan, "go to England, and fight." But we are guided by better motives. We do not wish to see the American led to the slaughter. His escape on his first essay was marvellous, and he should not place his life in jeopardy a second time. As we said before, we had hopes that England desired to wipe out the Farnborough stain, where a "mob" brought to a finish a battle in which the Champion of England was virtually defeated, and as the laurels were about to be placed upon the brow of his American conqueror. The pledges of better treatment in future will be redeemed as the belt was redeemed, by "knock down" arguments. The same belt, we understand, was recently brought to New York by Mr. Cushing, and efforts made for its sale here; but we are happy to learn that the American people refused to touch it. As it was "presented" to Heenan by England, so England should pay for it. This they would not do, but disgraced themselves by allowing it to be sold by a pawn broker. Verily, the chances of fair play for Heenan would be very slim, judging by the "kind and conciliatory feeling" so unmistakably manifested in the disposition of the Belt. Let Heenan fight in America, or give it up altogether.

2:19¾.—By reference to a report of a trotting match between Flora Temple and Ethan Allen and mate, in this issue of the Clipper, it will be seen that the latter succeeded in making the second heat in *two minutes nineteen and three quarter seconds*, being the best time on record, or equal to that made by Flora Temple, on the Kalamazoo track. This performance, however, is not equal to Flora's, from the fact that Ethan's running mate Socks relieved the stallion of all labor in pulling, while Flora made the time in harness, without the aid of a running horse.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MATCH SUGGESTED.

WHAT NEXT?

The sporting world of the two countries, America and England, appear to be arousing themselves, and every week almost, we are called upon to make mention of some International match in some one of the various branches of sport. The Ring, the Turf, the Cricket Field, the Billiard Table, the Chess Board, the Yacht, the Scull Boat, the Shooting Iron, have each in their turn been the subjects in question, and now a sort of feeler is thrown out in reference to the bowling alley. An individual, writing to the editor of the *Sporting Life*, delivers himself as follows, in that journal of August 24:—

Sir—I see, by your paper, that Heenan is desirous of trying his hand again with an Englishman. I admire his pluck, and hope, whoever he meets, the best man may win. Our cricketers, when they visited America, admit that they received every kindness, and in all their matches met with fair play. This is as it should be, and these friendly antagonisms, when thus carried out, tend to much good. Now, sir, there is a manly game called "American Bowls," which has been introduced into this country only a few years, which I am desirous of calling your attention to, and learn from you if it be feasible to make a match between the two countries at this game. Playing the game frequently, I am acquainted with many gentlemen players, and I am quite convinced a good half dozen or more could be found to compete against a similar number of American gentlemen. You, sir, are doubtless well acquainted with many sporting gentlemen of that country, and would perhaps trouble yourself by ascertaining from them if a friendly match could be brought about; and if so, then the terms and all other conditions, with your kind assistance, could easily be determined on, and an honorable sporting match would, I am convinced, be the result. Knowing your desire for the success of all affairs of a sporting nature, induces me to address you on this subject.

August 22nd. An Amateur Player.

We acknowledge the encomium thrown out by the writer on the American game of bowls, and agree with him that its character is manly, but, although we knew that the game had been introduced into England to some extent, we were not aware that so much interest in it had been manifested as to produce anything like champion representatives. We are pleased to learn, however, that we are mistaken, and shall be still further rejoiced to know that some of our crack players will take the cue here given and second the affair in some tangible shape. Supposing that the Heenan and Mace match progresses favorably, and that an agreement is finally entered into, would it not be well to arrange matters so that a bowling match should take place at the same time? We have many good players around town, and Philadelphia, Albany and Buffalo, we know from experience, have some half dozen rattling players, who can make a ten strike nearly every time; surely, therefore, such a match could be made. If such were to be the case, the interest that would be shown in it, would be unbounded, as, strictly speaking, it is beyond all others, an American, and our National game. There is not, we know, quite as much interest attached to the game as formerly, in New York City, billiards having usurped its place to a great extent; but in the rural districts, and out west, it is still *the* game of games, and matches are played for quite large sums of money, and are often intensely exciting. By all means, then, let us have an International ten pin match, and let all our Ten Pin Johnnies exert themselves to bring it to a climax. We need not add, that they will have our hearty assistance if needed. In the meantime, we may well exclaim. What next! Should the amicable relations that appear to exist between the sporting men of the two countries continue, we need hardly expect that our blockade will be broken very soon.

AQUATICS.

Seventh Annual Rowing Regatta of the Empire City Regatta Club, takes place Monday, September 16th, from Conrad's Garden. The club meets every Saturday evening at the National, 499 3d Avenue, near 35th street, where the programmes and large bills can be procured. Stephen Roberts, President.
John Sherman, Secretary. 21 2t*

INTERESTING SCULLING RACE.

THE CHAMPION WINS.

On Monday, 2d September, an exciting single scull shell boat race came off at Cornwall, a prettily located village on the banks of the Hudson, some five miles below Newburg, in which five of our principal oarsmen, headed by the champion himself, participated.

The course was from a yacht anchored off the dock at Cornwall landing, to a sloop one mile distant up the river, turning which the contestants returned to the starting point, thence to the sloop again, and back to the judges' stake boat, where the race terminated; making a distance of about four miles, including three turns. The water was rough, with some swell on.

The following boats were entered and started:—

"Oscar Teed" twenty six feet long, twenty inches wide; rowed by Joshua Ward, of Newburgh; built by George W Shaw. Ward was twenty-three years of age last May, is six feet "in his stockings," and rowed at one hundred and seventy pounds weight. His dress was a white shirt, and red handkerchief.

The "William Armstrong," of New York; rowed by John McGready. The "Armstrong" is twenty six feet long, and twenty inches wide, and was built by McGready, who is twenty-two years of age, five feet eight inches tall, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. Colors, red.

The "John Hancon," of Poughkeepsie; rowed by William Burger. The Hancon is twenty-eight feet long, nineteen inches wide. Burger is twenty-four years old, six feet and one inch tall, and weighs one hundred and eighty seven pounds; he pulled in a pink shirt.

The "Restless," of Poughkeepsie; rowed by John Hancon. The Restless is twenty-nine feet long, and eighteen inches wide; Hancon is twenty four years old five feet nine inches tall, and weighs one hundred and fifty nine pounds; his dress was white shirt and handkerchief. The "Hancon" and "Restless" were both built by him.

The "A. L. Anderson," built by George W. Shaw, of Newburg, and rowed by Gilbert Ward, brother to the champion; he is six feet two inches tall, twenty years old, and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. The "Anderson" is of the same dimensions as the "Oscar Teed." Gil Ward rowed in white.

At about 4 o'clock, P. M., the boats were called into line, and in a few seconds, at a gun fire, they all darted off well together. At the first few strokes Gil Ward showed slightly in front with Josh well up to him, and closely following came McGready, Burger and Hancon. The sloop, one mile distant, was turned by Josh Ward first, McGready second, and Gil Ward third. As they came down the river, Josh rather drew away from them, and he made an excellent turn, as if on a pivot, at the judges' yacht, some three lengths ahead of McGready, who also swung quickly round, and went after Josh with a will and in good style. A few lengths astern of the latter came Gil Ward, Hancon, and Burger, all in a bunch, and pulling at a dashing pace; they all reached the stake boat lapping each other—Hancon next to it, Gil second, with Burger on the outside; here, owing to the closeness of the affair, some little fouling occurred between Burger and Gil, but nothing which could be deemed intentional. Soon after they were around, and some three hundred yards on their course, Gil "caught a crab," and ere he could recover the command of his sculls, the "Anderson" keeled over, and Gil Ward's rowing for that day was ended with an extempore bath in the Hudson. Several friendly row boats went instantly to his assistance, and himself and boat were, in a briefer period than we can narrate it, safe on *terra firma.*

On the second turning of the upper stake boat, Ward was still on the lead, with McGready some two lengths in his rear, while Hancon and Burger were apparently losing distance and falling off rapidly. As they neared the judge's boat, the relative positions of Ward and McGeary did not vary greatly, and Ward rowed in a winner of the first prize in exactly twenty four minutes. McGeary was ten or twelve seconds behind him, while Hancon was one minute and forty-five seconds astern of McGready, and Burger was last and far in the rear of Hancon. The two latter were not timed.

Joshua Ward in this race nobly maintained his fairly won and established reputation as the champion oarsman of the United States; and we deem it no boast to add—of the world! At any rate, if any are disposed to cavil at, or criticise his claim to the title, he will joyfully and eagerly do battle for it at any place, and in any waters. Ward rowed with that peculiar easy, sweeping and graceful stroke which is so familiar to New Yorkers, and by which they can at all times select him from among the fleet, after the first sinewy dip of his sculls. With an apology for an honest enthusiasm for the rower, from whom even the champion of the "fast anchored isle" took water, we doff our tarpaulin to the Rip Van Winkle boy of the glorious Hudson.

McGready, who came in second, is also deserving of honorable mention. He is a young man, who has as yet participated in but very few regattas, and until his late match race with Cuiress, which he won, was comparatively unknown. He pulls a very handsome and telling stroke, perfectly free from any jerk or hitch, which mars the rowing of so many good oarsmen, and his shell is constantly under steady headway. We predict that he will quickly make his mark, and win an enviable position in American annals of the oar.

Johnny Hancon and Burger, who have always ranked with our crack oarsmen, did not on this occasion make the display which was expected of them. We hope that in the next regatta in which they contend they will show in a position more befitting their reputation; and we confidently expect them to be somewhere among the number ones, when "time" is called on board the judges' stake boat.

The following gentlemen officiated as judges:—T. C. Ring and W. Lisle, of Newburgh; S. J. Farnam, of Poughkeepsie; J. McKibben, of Cornwall; and J. J. O'Donohue, of New York. The prizes were sixty dollars to the first boat, twenty-five dollars to the second, and ten dollars to the third.

Match Yacht Race.—On Tuesday, 3d inst., the "Comet," of Hoboken, and the "Harvey G. Fowler," of Jersey City, sailed a race for a purse of one hundred dollars. The course was from a stake-boat anchored off Pollock's, at Salterville, N. J., to the Oyster Island buoy, rounding which, the boats returned to the starting point, and again sailed over the course, making a distance of twenty miles. The "Comet" took the lead at the commencement of the race, and kept it throughout, winning the race and the purse by some fifteen minutes. The "Comet" was built by Archibald C. Smith, of Hoboken, who also sailed her. The "Fowler" was sailed by Bob Fish.

ROWING CHALLENGES.

John McGready vs. John Biglin.—John McGready hereby challenges John Biglin to row him a five mile race, either in a seventeen feet working boat, or a shell boat. The amount and place can be agreed upon by calling on Wm. O'Brien,
Weehawken Hotel, foot of 42nd St., North River.

Challenge to the United States.—John McGready, of New York, is open to row any oarsman in the United States, with the exception of the champion, Joshua Ward, a five mile race, in single scull shells. The amount, time and place to be mutually agreed upon. For further particulars, address or call on Wm. O'Brien,
Weehawken Hotel, foot of West 42nd St., N. Y.

THE TURF.

Another Meeting between Flora Temple and Ethan Allen.

THE LITTLE MARE AGAIN DEFEATED.

One of the most magnificent trotting contests of the season came off between Flora Temple and Ethan Allen and mate on the Fashion Course, L. I., on Thursday, September 5th. The sudden announcement that another struggle was to ensue between those turf favorites, took the race course patrons by surprise and many of the knowing ones winked slyly, and called the matter another John Morgan game. It was but a day or two previous to the time appointed for the trot that the "people" knew any thing about the match at all, and many who suffered the vexatious disappointment caused by the Temple and Morgan horses to which we referred in a previous issue, regarded the affair as a repetition of that humbug, and paid no attention whatever to the notice. Doubtless those admirers of horse exercise, and lovers of the good thing for the inner man that are always to be found on the race course, will feel still more sadly disappointed when they learn that this was a genuine dash and no mistake, and that they missed witnessing one of the finest if not the greatest trotting contest that has ever taken place on the American Turf. According to the programme, Flora Temple was to go against Ethan Allen and his running mate Socks, for $500, over the Fashion Race Course, L. I., mile heats, best three in five, the team to wagon and Flora to harness. In order to reduce the great advantage that Ethan Allen gained in previous matches by his running mate, Flora was favored with the pole at each start. We have repeatedly asserted that this business of matching the glorious little Queen at the time of her life against a team of horses of the metal and power of her antagonists was unjust and ridiculous. But her owners seem determined to drive her until she is broken down, and dispirited, and no matter how sorely the sensitive little creature may feel this cruelty, she sometimes astonishes her most ardent admirers by her indubitable pluck, and her astonishing speed. Her performance of last Thursday was a striking evidence of her invincible spirit and her unparalleled speed, when fairly and equally matched. Ethan Allen is a little horse of rare mettle. His speed, bottom, and occasional bursts of speed are unsurpassable, probably by any horse in the land except by the little Queen of the Turf herself. It will be observed that his speed is greatly accelerated by the great power and force of his gigantic mate who makes a tremendous galloping rally at the last quarter pole, and thus pulls Allen, wagon, driver and all across the score. Socks' galloping, however, has the most disastrous effect upon Ethan Allen sometimes; for in those tremendous running fights he often excites the little stallion to such a pitch, that he loses his caution, breaks, and gallops wildly by his side. In this case it is very difficult to get him squarely to his work again, and they become a most unmanageable in the hands of their driver. This fact was discernable in the contest of June 25th with Flora Temple, when they both ran nearly a whole mile, Flora trotting magnificently, and winning the heat in 2min 20¼sec. In the following contest, of August 8th, the team altered those figures 1¼ seconds, beating Flora in three straight heats, the best time in either heat being 2:22. This race was repudiated as an outrageous swindle, and the press condemned it as a "Hippodrome" trot, gotten up for the sole purpose of deluding the verdant and unsuspicious portion of the public who take an interest in turf matters. This business has had a ruinous effect upon the owners of race courses on Long Island, and it will continue to be more serious until they get up square and more honorable arrangements. We have very little hesitation, however, in declaring the trot of last Thursday a fair one enough; for when the unparalleled speed of the animals is taken into consideration, in flying to the score neck and neck, in 2min 19¾sec, it will be seen that the struggle was very close, and that both must have been going at a tremendous pace. The attendance was rather slim, there not being more than six hundred persons present. This, doubtless, was owing to the disappointment in the Temple-Morgan matches, which appears to bear rougher deal for the proprietors of the Pleasure Grounds than for any one else. It was rather an unfortunate enterprise for them, because we are assured that the matches were made in good faith, but unhappily when the first one was on the eve of taking place, the owners of John Morgan appeared, and demanded their horse. It seems that he was only hired for two trots which had taken place previously with Flora Temple, and any further use of him on Long Island was not in the agreement. This was rather hard on the parties who had put up their soap on Morgan, but they should have apprized the public of the occurrence, and not cajoled them into another "sell." What the assemblage of Thursday, though, lacked in numbers, it fully made up in excitement and enthusiasm, and there was a nice little pile of eelskins passed from hand to hand during the afternoon. The weather was at the most delightful temperature that could be desired, and the change from the unpure, sweltering atmosphere of the city, to the sweet exhilarating air of Long Island is worth alone a trip to the races. Shortly before 4 o'clock the animals made their appearance upon the track. We never saw them look better. They were in the finest condition that could be desired, and were fully up to the expectations and wishes of their respective friends. McMann, as usual, held the ribbons over Flora Temple, and Mr. Halcomb, the reputed owner of Ethan Allen, performed an equal service for the team. Horace Jones was announced to take charge of them, but he was at sent from the city. Before the start the team was the favorite at slight odds. The noble little mare, now with standing the silver hairs that time has brought into her glossy sides, was as trim and lively as a cricket, and seemed to be as confident of success as ever. It was pleasant to see her for the last time, for the present at least; for before she had time enough to get properly called off after the race, she was made a prisoner and placed in other hands than McMann's. She was seized by Deputy Marshals McCay and Hunt, under the recent confiscation act, by a process issued by Assistant District Attorney Ethan Allen. Flora was guarded at her stable on the Fashion Course that night by an officer. It is known that she belongs to Mr McDonald, of Baltimore, who, it is said, is tainted with secesh proclivities. Her appearance before the start was extremely gratifying to her many friends, and when it was considered that she had the pole in every heat, which is equal to an advantage of about two seconds to the mile, besides drawing a sulky while her opponents went to wagon, the strongest hopes were entertained of her success. The horses were also in fine condition, and inspired their friends with equal confidence. At 4 o'clock, having come up even and in good style, they received the word, and made an excellent start for the

First Heat.—Flora soon swept to the front, and nobly maintained her position to the quarter pole; this point she reached in 36¼ sec., two good lengths ahead. Soon after passing the quarter, the little stallion went after her at a magnificent pace, but Flora was at her work, and she flew proudly to the half pole some seven or eight lengths ahead, and was trotting magnificently. Here the gap was so great that 100 to 75 was offered on Flora's winning the heat. Immediately after passing the half, which was made in 1:12½, the little stallion flew into one of his astounding trotting flights, and as he swung into the home stretch, he had not only closed the wide gap, but lapped the little mare. The struggle between them to the score was fearful, and the excitement among the spectators was perfectly furious. One roared out in stentorian tones, "Now she's got him where she wants him!" Another yelled out wildly, "I'll bet a hundred dollars he kicks her higher than a kite!" On they come each evidently bursting their blood vessels, neck and neck, but at the distance pole Ethan had forced his head in front of Flora, and increased his lead, until he came home a winner of the heat by less than a length in 2:23. Just before reaching the score Flora broke badly, otherwise the result might have been different. After the usual breathing spell, they were trotted up for the

Second Heat.—Again they got a good square start, and went off like sky rockets. The betting was now in favor of the team. Flora, again on her pluck and mettle, led them to the quarter pole in 35 seconds, and the Templers were boisterously jubilant. From there to the half mile pole the race was gradually contested, and as they passed it, the stallion lapped the mare in 1 min 9¾ seconds. After leaving this position, Ethan was at his old tricks, and broke wildly; Flora, improving the glorious opportunity, gathered herself and went some lengths in advance. Now there was another wild burst of excitement from the crowd, and cheers for their respective favorites. Into the homestretch they swung, and the stallion, settling down to his trot, goes after Flora with an invincible determination. Now comes the great tug; McMann is up with his whip, and urging Flora. Her dark eyes flashes like a meteor, and she seems to say, as Heenan said to Sayers, to his pride and exultation, "Give me this fight." Allen, though, refuses her demand, and Socks is actually running him off his feet. The struggle to the score was the most bewildering and exciting that ever was witnessed, both going at a square, even pace, until they crossed the score, amidst the deafening roars of the spectators. Ethan gaining the heat by a bare neck in 2 min. 19¾ seconds, *equal to the best time ever made!* Having cooled off, they came up for the third heat. This was the one to decide the fortunes of the day, and the team had the call, at 100 to 80. Socks seemed to have done his "darndest" in the second heat, for it told forcibly on his bellows. There was considerable difficulty in starting them on their third journey. Twice did their honors fail to give them the word "go," but on the third attempt they got even away for the

Third Heat.—Flora, as in the two previous heats, took the lead, and maintained it to the quarter pole, which she passed in 35 seconds. On she rushed in beautiful style, until she reached the half mile a full length ahead, in 1:10½; she gradually sustained her advantage until they turned the home stretch, where Ethan Allen's trotting rallies are so remarkable. He is steadily gaining upon her until at last he forces himself a little in front, and maintains his advantage to the score, which he went over a winner of the heat and race by about a bare one half of a length in 2 min 21 seconds. Thus terminated one of the most magnificent trots we have ever witnessed; and those who failed to be present have missed, decidedly one of the grandest exhibitions that has ever eventuated on the American Turf. Just as the assemblage were about dispersing, the

aforementioned pair of individuals clothed in the majesty of the law, came forward and claimed the renowned little Queen of the Turf as their prisoner. The following is a summary of the race:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Thursday, Sept. 5.—Match for $500. Trotting, mile heats, best three in five. Horace F. Jones names Ethan Allen, and running Mate Socks, to wagon. 1 1 1
James D. McMann names Flora Temple, to harness.....2 2 2
Time, 2:23; 2:19¾; 2:21.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

"THE ORIENTAL," 116 Bowery, near Grand street. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. ROBT. SIILL, JR., Proprietor.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, 25 West Houston street. The all popular "Free and Easy" still continues to be held, Monday and Saturday evenings; the greatest combination of talent in the city; the only place to hear Mr. Watts' original songs and comicalities. Strangers give me a call. ROBT. SMITH, Proprietor. 22-2t*

THE EAGLE.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 223 Centre street, one door from Grand. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 35-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

JACK BATH.—THE BEEHIVE, 213 Elizabeth street, near Prince, returns his sincere thanks to his friends and patrons, for their kind assistance since taking the above premises, and begs to inform them that the old B is always to be caught at home endeavoring to lay up a winter stock for the inmates of the new hive. Finest of Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars, always on hand, with all the sporting items of the day to be learned at the bar. N. B.—Gentlemen can be accommodated with private lessons in the noble art of self-defence, at their own residences, on reasonable terms, given by Jack himself. 9

PRIZE FIGH

Between Con Orem and Enoch Davies, for $1,000.

WON BY CON OREM, IN 109 ROUNDS,

Lasting One Hour and Forty Minutes.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, '61.

We are indebted to a correspondent in Denver City, for an extra of the *Rocky Mountain News*, containing the following account of a prize fight which took place in that vicinity recently.

The much talked of prize fight between Con Orem and Enoch Davies, for stakes of $500 a side, came off this afternoon, within a large correll, situated about two miles north of this city, down the Platte road. An immense throng of spectators was present—not less than two thousand. The ring was prepared according to the rules of the London P. R., but we doubt whether so much pains were ever taken before to provide convenient accommodation for lookers-on. A succession of seats, elevated one above another, was thrown nearly around the entire enclosure—the higher seat rising to the level of the close planking which enclosed the paddock or correll.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FIGHT.

Con Orem, having met a man named "Texas" last spring, in a ring at the race course, and beaten him easily in two rounds, the friends of Orem began to look about for some plucky fellow against whom they could pit their favorite. They soon after found a customer in Enoch Davies, an old ring fighter of long experience, who intimated that he was ready to fight their man. Some little chaffing was indulged in on either side, and two or three cards appeared in the newspapers, which perhaps were not actual challenges, but which finally led to a match for five hundred dollars a side—the fight to be strictly in accordance with the published rules of the P. R.

THE TRAINING.

Both parties put up forfeit money and commenced training about six weeks since. Soon after, Davies was attacked with a severe canker sore mouth, which soon assumed such a form as to require a painful and dangerous surgical operation. This put an end to the training of both parties, and many thought the fight could not come off. But Davies mended so rapidly that he was soon ready for "exercise" again, and the fight was merely postponed for another week. Having already given in our paper an account of the training "routine," we will not repeat it here, but proceed to a description of

THE MEN.

Con Orem is very well known to our business men, having been engaged, for nearly two years, in the blacksmithing business in this city. As a mechanic he was hard-working and industrious. Last winter a year, he had a slight brush with Jack O'Neil, who was counted something of a fighter, and soon after this street fuss, a match was arranged, but was broken off by the death of O'Neil, who was shot. Con has had several "rough and tumbles," and has been regarded by those who profess to be good judges of "muscle," as a well made up man. He is 26 years old, stands five feet, 6¼ inches in his stockings, and weighs 145 lbs. He never put on a glove until the past winter, and six lessons in boxing comprise all the instruction he has ever taken. His first appearance in the Prize Ring was on the 6th of last April, in the turn up with "Texas," whom he served out in two rounds, exhibiting some good fighting qualities. Orem enjoys the reputation of a good wrestler. He is a native of Ohio; his parents are Virginians. His habits through life have been of the most industrious and abstemious character. He uses no tobacco in any form, and never drank a glass of spirits as a beverage. It is almost needless to add that to day, as Orem "peeled," an almost universal shout of admiration went up from the vast concourse of people, over his splendid appearance. His colors were the "red, white and blue."

Enoch Davies, known throughout the West, in sporting circles, as "Rough Enoch," is an Englishman, having been born in Birmingham in 1819. He is consequently 42 years of age. He weighs 150 lbs., and stands five feet nine inches in his stockings. He first entered the roped arena in 1835, at the age of sixteen, in a fight with Toney Wilkes, which lasted two hours and twenty-five minutes; sixty rounds were fought, ending in a drawn battle. Enoch's first battle in this country was on the 17th of December, 1855, with Patsey Flynn; twenty-two rounds were fought, when a wrangle took place, and the fight broke up in a row. He afterwards fought James Lafferty in St. Louis, in 1857, one hundred and two rounds, in one hour and nine minutes—which also broke up in a wrangle. He has had several other fights in the ring, and appears to be a genuine devotee of the "manly art." Davies is a bellows maker by trade, but has not of late years turned his attention to this business. The construction and arrangement of the "ring" was made under the superintendence of Davies, who by long observation and experience was supposed to understand fully the requirements of such an occasion. In muscular development and strength, Davies did not show out as formidably as his antagonist, but this was by his friends thought to be more than overbalanced by science and a superior knowledge of ring tactics.

THE GROUND.

Long before the hour for the fight, crowds commenced wending their way to the battle grounds—some on foot, some on horseback, some in buggies, wagons, stages and all sorts of vehicles. We know of one party of ten from the Southern Mines, who chartered a team to bring them down and take them home; paying for the same $100 and all expenses of team and driver. Who will say that this outfit did not take a lively interest in the "mill?"

AN ACCIDENT.

The crowd began to assemble at about one o'clock, and in a short time some six or eight hundred people had occupied the elevated seats. Just as we entered the gate, a crackling sound greeted our ears, the amphitheatre of seats commenced swaying, and with a loud crash, all the spectators occupying seats were precipitated to the ground. Fortunately, no one was killed, but some fifteen or twenty were injured, some of them quite seriously. This accident was a very unfortunate one, as it deprived many from getting a good view of the Ring. However, all seemed to be in good humor, and provided themselves with *standees* as well as they could.

At 3¼ o'clock Davies appeared in the ring, and was greeted with cheers. He was seconded by McIntosh and Tom Corwin. Soon after, Orem entered the ring, and was received with great applause. He was seconded by Charlie Switz and Davidson. George Thornton was selected as referee. All things being in readiness, the men were stripped, advanced and shook hands, and prepared for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On time being called, both men came to the scratch with alacrity, eyed each other cautiously for several moments, and placed themselves in position. Orem held his hands well up and forward, while Davies had his left extended at full length, his right pressed against his body. After a little sparring the men got to work, and rapid exchanges were made, and Orem rushed Davies to the ropes and bored him down.

2. This round was not unlike the first, and ended with Davies giving and receiving a blow and going down.

3. This was a rattling round, in which Davies received a stinger on the proboscis, which drew first blood. A claim of foul was set up by Davies' seconds, but was not entertained.

4. This round was like the last, not a serious one. Enoch down.

5. Enoch was knocked down with a heavy body blow, which resounded all over the ring.

6. Davies came up laughing, and evidently intent on mischief, which soon manifested itself in an ugly cut over Orem's right eye. This was the first visible punishment Con had received. Davies down.

7. Both men came up smiling; Davies' body beginning to show the effects of Orem's heavy blows, while Orem's eye was dressed in half mourning costume. Davies down, Orem falling on him.

8. Enoch down as usual.

9. This was a regular ding dong, give and take round, until Orem got Davies' head in chancery, and had commenced administering the law in such case made and provided, when Enoch slipped his head in like a turtle, and got away, but not without serious punishment.

10. Heavy countering, and at last Davies was knocked clean off his pins by a blow in the face from Orem.

11. Thus far, neither party seemed to have gained any decided advantage, but odds were freely offered on Davies without takers. In this round Orem received another ugly cut over the eye, but replied with his heavy body trip-hammer visitations, which left their distinguishing marks behind them. Enoch down as usual. Orem falling on him. A claim of foul was set up again by Davies' seconds, but it was not allowed, and the men were told to fight on.

12. This was a short round, resulting in Davies being sent down with a terrific body blow.

13. Both parties came up blowing, and stood for some moments, sparring a little for wind; at length a few rapid exchanges were made, and Enoch went down to avoid punishment.

14. Orem caught an ugly one on the cheek, when he rallied Davies to the ropes and threw him, falling heavily on him.

15. Enoch, after giving and taking a few good blows, went down for safety. It was evident that Davies studied Yankee Sullivan's style of fighting, and was practising it pretty extensively.

16. Davies was knocked clean off his pins in this round by a blow which brought the sanguinary element in a flood over his face and breast.

17. Heavy countering, a close, some fibbing, and Davies down at the ropes.

18. This was a savage round. Orem got in two terrible blows on Enoch's head, which sent him down, and rather obfusticated his general ideas. Loud cheers for Orem.

19. Enoch succeeded in getting in a stinger on Orem's nose, when the latter rushed upon him, and felled him like an ox, with a single blow.

20. Both were now out of wind, and sparred cautiously for time to gain it. An exchange, and Davies fell to avoid.

21. Orem went to work at once, clinched his man, administered several heavy blows, when Davies slipped down.

22, 23, and 24. Nothing important, but Davies down in every round.

25. Orem at once led off, got his man in chancery again, but Davies slipped away to the earth.

26. This round was a severe one for both. Davies got in heavy blows on the face and neck of Orem, while he took in exchange a few sledge hammer visitations on the ribs, which knocked loudly for admission.

27. Heavy countering, a close, and Orem had Davies on the ropes, where he punished him until the seconds of Davies took him off.

28. Davies down, as usual.

29. This was an awful round, both parties receiving heavy punishment. Orem caught it heavily on the forehead, and in return knocked Davies square down with a terrific blow. Davies' breast from his belt to his neck began to assume the hue of corrugated mahogany veneering, while his face was not wreathed in the smiles which at an early stage of the fight illuminated his visage.

30, 31. Davies down at the end of both rounds.

32. Davies seemed now to have gained his second wind, and went to work with increased vigor. He napped Orem a heavy one under the eye, which laid it open as if cut with a lancet. Orem began to look serious, and there were loud cheers for Davies. At it they went again, when Davies got down to avoid.

33. This time there was little or nothing done, and Davies went down, as usual. A claim of "foul" was raised by Orem's seconds, as Davies had fallen without a blow, but the referee decided that it was accidental, and cautioned Davies' seconds against repetition of such conduct.

34. Davies down.

35. In this round Davies was knocked fairly off his legs, and fell heavily from the effects of the terrible blow.

36. Heavy exchanges—Davies in chancery, but got down.

37. In this round it was claimed that Davies fell without a blow. The referee would not allow the claim.

38. In this round Davies got in several heavy blows on Orem's cranium, which came near sending him down, but he rallied, rushed on Davies, and bored him down.

39. Davies got home a good one on the side of Orem's head with his left, and delivered a heavy body blow; going down without a return.

40. Orem was evidently vexed over the result of the last round, and looked mischief. He received and delivered a "one," "two," —the last of which sent Davies down like a log.

41. Orem got another ugly cut over the eye, after which both clinched, and Davies was thrown heavily.

42. Davies got home again over Orem's badly swollen eye, and fell down to avoid a return.

43. Davies down as usual.

44. Another stinger over Orem's left eye, which began to look decidedly sleepy. In return he gave Davies a Paixban delivery square on his nose, which sent a shower of the incarnadine over his face and breast.

45, 46, and 47. Davies got down as soon as possible after he had delivered or received a blow.

48. Davies knocked down by a heavy body blow.

49. Davies got home with a heavy blow on Orem's body, and Orem replied with a terrific lunge, which Davies dodged, and Orem nearly went over the ropes from the force of his own blow. Recovering himself, he delivered a blow about the weight of a nail keg on Davies' ribs, which induced him to lay down in a hurry.

50. During this round, Orem, who for some minutes had betrayed signs of exhaustion and uneasiness, seemed to have become inspired with renewed confidence and covered with increased strength. He rushed upon Davies and administered several terrific blows, which sent him spinning to the earth.

51. In this round, Orem got a chancery suit filed against Davies, and jobbed him heavily for a few seconds, when Davies got down.

52. Round in favor of Davies, who got in a heavy one over Orem's eye, which was rapidly closing. Davies down.

53. Orem was severely punished in this round, from heavy blows over the eye and on the mouth.

54. Orem again came off second best, and Davies' friends began to take courage.

55. Orem, evidently getting wrathy, came up determined to redeem himself. He struck Davies a terrible blow, square on the nose, knocking him down and deluging his face with blood.

From this round up the 64th, there was little accomplished on either side, but Enoch was evidently getting weak on his pins, and as a general thing the rounds were in favor of Orem.

64. Davies fell from the effects of his own blow, Orem bending over and laughing at him.

65, 66. Nothing important.

67. Orem with a heavy body blow, knocked Davies squarely off his pins.

68. The men came up laughing to the scratch, and after mutual exchanges Davies went down in Orem's corner.

69. Davies down after receiving heavy body blows from Orem, and a cut over the eye.

70. Orem got home heavily on Davies' cheek, and the latter went down, after his old habit.

71. Orem received another ugly cut over the eye, but nothing daunted, he swapped off a terrible blow on Davies' chest, which sounded like an attempt at burglary.

72. A long time was consumed in this round, at sparring, evidently for the purpose of gaining wind. A few trifling exchanges and Davies down.

73. About like the last.

74. Orem showed signs of fatigue on coming to the scratch. He received a stinging blow over the eye again, and in return got home on the old "trunk," which now seemed to have a sole-leather covering. In the rally for the close, Davies went down, taking with him a heavy upper-cut for accompaniment.

75. Davies had the best of this round, but his failing strength prevented his doing much execution, even when his blows got home.

76 to 81. In all these rounds Orem had the advantage, and Davies began to stagger as he came to the scratch. It was evident that the latter could not possibly win the fight, unless by some accident or "scratch."

82. Davies got home heavily on Orem's throat, which staggered the latter, but recovering, he sent Davies down with a heavy blow.

83 to 84. Slight exchanges. Davies always down.

85 to 89. All in favor of Orem, who now commenced forcing the fighting, in accordance, probably, with his seconds' instructions. From this time to the close of the 109th and last round, Davies came to the scratch only to be knocked down, or fall without a blow. He was evidently half delirious, and could scarcely stagger to the scratch in an upright position. At the close of the 109th round, Davies' seconds threw up the sponge in token of defeat. The most vociferous cheers for Orem rent the air, when the referee announced the result, while Orem cut occasional pranks to show that there was still another hour's fight in him. The fight lasted one hour and forty minutes.

REMARKS.

Although Davies had the advantage of his youthful antagonist in science and a knowledge of the tactics and tricks of the ring, it was evident to our mind before the tenth round that youth and muscle would triumph over science and age. Enoch Davies exhibited good science and great game, but the immense strength of Orem, and the terrific batteries which he poured constantly into the somewhat damaged hull of his adversary, could not but tell fearfully. Orem has been well trained, and was in much better condition when he entered the ring than Davies. In this opinion we are sustained by the evidence of those who profess to be conversant with such matters. After the fiftieth round it was apparent to all that the defeat of Davies was merely a question of time. He was evidently fast failing, while Orem was as fresh and active as at the commencement of the fight. After the eightieth round, Davies' backer requested his seconds to throw up the sponge, but Enoch insisted upon fighting on. That he is game no one can possibly deny; but he is too far advanced in years, and his habits of life have been too much on the free and easy order to cope with one of Nature's athletes like Con Orem. Con is a model of strength, of symmetry, and of agility, and his habits have been almost those of an anchorite. He was as active and spry as a kitten after the fight was over, although severely punished about the face. We expect to see him "out and around" in less than forty-eight hours. We visited Davies this evening after he was brought off the ground. He was suffering acutely from the effects of the fight, and appeared to be at times insensible of what was going on around him. His punishment was terrible, particularly about his neck and breast, and both his eyes were closed completely. The best of order prevailed on the ground throughout the fight, and save a little wrangling in the ring between the seconds of the men, we heard of no disturbance. The manner in which Orem was seconded by Charlie Switz attracted much notice, and elicited many expressions of admiration. Davies' seconds were also attentive, and performed all they could for their failing man.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

SEPT. 3.—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, 8st 10lb. London.
10.—Curley and Godfrey—£25 a side, Hull.
24.—Goss and Brettle's Big 'un—£100 a side, Birmingham.
25.—Reeves and Hooker—£25 a side, London.
OCT. 22.—Young King and Young Broome—£50 a side, London.
JAN. 1862.—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The second deposit of £15 a side, making £30 now down, has been duly deposited, and the next £15 a side, was to be made on Thursday, August 29th, at Nat Langham's. Jem Mace, at Alec Keene's benefit, at the Rotunda, Blackfriars-road, accepted the challenge from Heenan on the following conditions—viz., *to fight for £500 a side, win or lose with Tom King, but the battle to come off in England, and on no other terms.* Mace on Friday, Aug 23, commenced a lucrative engagement with Pablo Fanquo, which will continue for some time. Young King has been to France with Ould Nat, and, having returned, intends to avail himself of every spare moment to perfect himself in his training and practice, and states that he has every confidence in his own powers to bring the great event off in his favor.

LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.—YOUNG SHAW AND TOM TYLER, FOR £200.—The final deposit of £20 a side, making good all the money (£200) for the mill between Young Shaw and Tom Tyler, at 8st 10lb, was staked according to articles, at Jem Mace's, on Thursday night, Aug 22, in the presence of a large muster of the friends of both the men, the parlor vividly bringing to recollection the palmy days of the Ring, when a deposit was anxiously looked forward to, in order to learn the latest news of the combatants as well as to afford an opportunity for speculation. After some chaff and encounters between keen wits, the money was staked, and offers made to back Shaw for £100 level. Tyler's party refused to take less than 6 to 4, so no blow was struck. A meeting to settle the arrangements for the mill having been fixed upon, conviviality resumed its sway. Tyler is still with G. Woody, his trainer, at Buckhurst Hill, and is very well and confident. His colors are the old-fashioned wipe, blue, with white bird's eye. Young Shaw, who is equally sanguine and well, is at present at Mrs. Marshall's, with his trainer, R. Lewis. His colors are a white handkerchief, with a magenta running border of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, with a similar wreath in the centre.

LYNCH THE AMERICAN, AND YOUNG SHAW.—Young Shaw (Champion of the Feather Weights), is astonished at Charley Lynch again boasting that he is not satisfied with his defeat of eighteen months back, and challenging him at a weight he (Lynch) well knows that Shaw cannot come to. Shaw wishes to remind the public that he offered to make a fresh match with Lynch at 8st 2lb, and as low as 8st 1lb twelve months back, when Lynch was continually challenging him. If Lynch does not think Shaw a better man than him, he will fight him again on the same terms as before, and allow Charley Lynch to be catch weight, and will stake £120 to £100; to come off three months after his fight with Tyler. To show that Shaw is not bouncing, he has deposited £10 to bind the match, and Lynch, by calling at G. Brown's, and covering the £10, will show he means business.

IRELAND VS. ENGLAND—GALLANT MILL FOR £50,

Between Mike Moran and Freeman.

On Tuesday, August 20, Mike Moran (Mick, the Grecian) and Tonky Freeman, met near Birmingham, to fight at 8st, for £25 a side. After a ride for some duration, the ring was pitched by the veteran Giles and his assistants in a very retired spot; but, in consequence of Tonky's party missing the early train, more than two hours were wasted before they were ready to commence hostilities. Moran fought four successful battles, viz., beat Ginger twice, for £10 a side, Hartley for £25 a side, and Blount for £15. Freeman, who is a native of Birmingham, stands 5 feet 4 inches in height. This was his second public performance, he having been beaten by Dan Crutchley, in an affair that lasted two hours and ten minutes, for £10 a side. They scaled on Monday, and both were well under the stipulated weight, 8st, and in good condition. Mike was trained by Joe Wareham, under the watchful eye of Bob Brettle; and Tonky was brought to the scratch in good fettle by Mr. Lownes. More time was lost in selecting a referee, when an efficient one was at last chosen. Mick was the first to shy his castor, soon followed by Tonky. Mick was seconded by Joe Wareham and Bob Brettle's Big 'Un, and Tonky received the polite attentions of Jack Rooke and Tom Lane. The betting was 5 and 6 to 4 on the Irish boy. The *toilettes* having been completed, and the usual formalities gone through, the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The lads displayed plenty of caution, each feinting and getting away, until Tonky crept close, and succeeded in landing his left on the neck, with the double on the forehead. Mick countered with his left on the right ogle. Tonky, quick as lightning, dashed his left on to Mick's sinister squinter, who, riled, returned a "hot 'un" on the "tatur trap," drawing the ruby (winning the first event) and following up with a right hand cross counter on the same spot, which sent Tonky to his mother earth, thus winning the first knock-down as well as first blood. Time, fifteen minutes.

2. Both were eager, and showed discoloration on the dial from the handiwork of his opponent. Tonky was first to commence operations by leading off on the snout with the right, Mick retaliating with a straight left-hander on the left peeper. This forced a close, in which both were busy at fibbing, until Tonky got down.

3. No sooner were they up than they were again at it, Mick again getting on the left ogle with his left. Tonky short with his right, forced a close to the ropes, and Tonky got down.

4. Both rather slow to time, and some little sparring took place, when Tonky got his right twice home on the ribs; Mick retaliated by getting his right heavily on the left side of the forehead, establishing a mouse. They then closed, and Moran got down.

5. Mick, who was up first, opened the ball by getting his left fork on the peeper with severity, Tonky following suit on the same spot and feeder, drawing the claret. They then closed, and Tonky got down.

6. Mick, after some sparring, delivered his left heavily on the jaw, Tonky getting well on the ribs with his right, and got down quickly.

7. Mick, who was up first, got on with his left on the neck and Tonky well and hit on the left side of the canister, when the Irish boy closed with, and threw him heavily to mother earth.

8. A desperate round, and both closed, administering pepper with both hands, drawing claret from nose and mouth of each. Tonky down.

9. No time lost, Tonky getting on the smeller with his right, and Mick on the peeper with his left. Tonky down.

10. Another good round, both administering freely with both mawleys, Tonky napping it on the left ogle, which showed symptoms of closing.

11. Both were very eager, and soon began fighting, Tonky with his right on Mick's left listener and Mick on the tatur trap, drawing the ruby, and Tonky down.

12. Both cautious for some time, when Tonky got his right on the left ogle, and Mick on the ribs with his left, after which they closed, and Mick was down.

13. Mick came up all smiles, and first to call of time, and planted his left heavily on the kisser, turning on the tap and receiving on the left ogle. A close to the ropes, and both down.

14. Tonky commenced proceedings getting home with his left on the kisser, and again on the smeller, drawing more ruby, Mick administering some good uppercuts, a close and both down, Tonky under.

15. They no sooner faced each other, than Mick sent his left duke on the left ogle, which was fast closing. Tonky with the left on the brain-pan and ribs, when Mick threw him, and rolled on him.

16. Mick, first to lead off, got on to the smeller with the left, when they closed, and some hard fighting took place, until Tonky got down.

17. Mick, who had taken the lead, administered some heavy uppercuts on the sniffer, drawing the claret freely. Tonky was short with a well-intentioned left-hander, his right at this time being of very little use to him, and got down.

18. Tonky, who was weak, got his left on the sneezer, Mick, with his left, on the tater-trap in return, drawing a fresh supply of fluid, and Tonkey got down.

19. Mick was up first, and after sparring, Tonky got on the left eye with his left, and Mick heavily on the ribs and sent him (Tonky) to grass.

20. Tonky started with getting his left on the bread-basket, when they closed, and Mick threw Tonky heavily, making his nut rattle against the ground.

21. The Grecian, the strongest man, commenced with getting his left on the tater trap and sneezer, drawing the carmine. Tonky dealt some heavy rib roasters, and got down cleverly.

22. Tonky came up with his left eye in mourning; Mick, the Grecian, with his ogle following suit. After some sparring, Tonky got his left a little one on the left peeper. Mick in return, got well home on the squinter and listener, drawing a profusion of fluid from each place; he then closed, but Tonky "wide-o," slipped down.

23. Both rather slow to time, but soon began operations; Tonky getting on the left side of the nut with his left; Mick on the kisser, drawing a fresh supply of claret, and on the ribs; he then missed an uppercut, and Tonky got down.

24. Mick, who was up first, got on the damaged left peeper, and an uppercut on the kisser; Tonky heavily with his left on the ribs, and got down.

25. Tonky came up with his left eye in mourning; Mick, the Grecian, with his ogle following suit. After some sparring, Tonky got his left a little one on the left peeper. Mick in return, got well home on the squinter and listener, drawing a profusion of fluid from each place; he then closed, but Tonky "wide-o," slipped down.

26. Tonky notwithstanding his weakness, got on with his left on the kisser, altering the shape of it, but napped it heavily in return on the conk, drawing the carmine, which ran copiously down his breast; Tonky down.

27. Mick, who was the strongest, got on the smeller with left, turning on the tap, and receiving on the left side of the head, Tonky getting down.

28. Mick up first, and administered a heavy uppercut on the jaw; after which they closed, and Tonky got down. The sponge was then thrown up, and the Irish lad proclaimed the victor, after one hour and thirty minutes.

REMARKS.

Although these men appeared to be so evenly matched, it was evident, after the tenth round, that the Grecian was taking the lead, as he was the stronger man and the better fighter. Tonky, although defeated, tried his best to turn the tide in his favor, as a gamer lad never stripped.

DETERMINED WRESTLING MATCH.—A wrestling match was vigorously contested at the Copenhagen Grounds, near Manchester, on Saturday, August 17, between the two well known wrestlers, Clough and Acton. The former, though young in years, is no chicken in this athletic pursuit, while the latter has given many exhibitions of his prowess. The contest was for £25 a side, two back falls out of three, each man being under six score weight. In stature, Acton has the advantage, but Clough more than counterbalanced this by strength and activity. For this match Clough had undergone preparation by his former mentor, J. Eichells; he was waited upon during the contest by D. Haywood, (alias Big Dan) of Hollinwood, and also by J. Newton, of Ashton, whilst Acton was attended by his trainer (J. Cross) and W. Schora (the champion wrestler), respectively of Ashton—the men representing the light, middle, and heavy weights. The betting, which was exceedingly brisk, commenced at evens, then rose to 2 to 1 on Acton, subsequently became 13 to 10 on Clough, and at the start the odds were 6 to 4 on him. Precisely at four o'clock the men "peeled," and the gallant struggle was at once commenced, amid great excitement. For some time the skill displayed on both sides was admirable, Acton making considerable efforts to seize Clough's leg, in which he was often foiled; but at length, after the expiration of half an hour, he made a successful attempt, and many then thought that the first throw, at least, would be in favor of Acton. A brief period, however, sufficed to convince them of their error, as Clough, possessing a true knowledge of his art, combined with extraordinary activity, released himself from Acton's hold, with apparent ease, amid loud cheering. Shortly afterwards another excellent point was gained by Acton, but it also proved fruitless, and it was not until one hour and twenty minutes had elapsed that Clough got Acton fairly within his grasp. In this struggle the favorite also at first failed to throw his opponent, and, on again closing, both went down, Acton being uppermost. Clough then, though under seeming disadvantages, wrestled gamely for victory, and he eventually succeeded in rolling Acton over on his back; the bout having occupied no less than one hour and twenty-nine minutes! After an interval of ten minutes the contest was renewed, both appearing determined to achieve success. Each occasionally seemed to have the best of it, but at last, after a close struggle, which was continued for fifty-four minutes, Clough once more floored Acton, and thus won the match, the total time (exclusive of the 10 minutes allowed between the rounds) being two hours and thirteen minutes! It is almost needless to say that the event afforded infinite gratification to all who witnessed it, as was frequently evinced by the loud plaudits of the visitors; and whilst the result does not reflect the slightest discredit upon Acton, it stamps Clough as one of the best light weight wrestlers of which the county of Lancaster can at present boast.

CRICKET.

AMERICAN VS. SATELLITE.—The return game between these clubs, laid over from last season, was played on the grounds of the New York Club, on Thursday, Sept. 5th, the result being a victory for the Satellites, their score exceeding that of their opponents with two wickets to fall. The Satellites were out in their full strength, and never played a better game, as far as their bowling and fielding were concerned; in batting, however, they were unable successfully to defend themselves from the batteries Creighton brought to bear upon them. The contest was a well-played and very interesting one, and was an agreeable meeting. The Americans were minus the services of Holder, Morris, and C. Walden, and played but ten men. The game began at 11 A. M.; the Americans going to the bat, Brainard and Pearsall being their representatives, the bowling being in the hands of Watson and Walton. Pearsall was the first victim, Walton taking his leg stump; 1st wicket for 2. Parker was next, and he and Brainard played steadily together for half an hour, running up the score to 19, when Parker gave a chance to Hurring at slip, and retired for a score of 7. Creighton being his successor. Shortly afterwards Brainard was prettily caught at mid on by Fuller, the 3d wicket falling for 21.—Brainard's score being 12, made up of a slip for 3, three twos, from neat off play, and three singles. Whiting took his place. Creighton had obtained 5 from two drives, when he slipped one to Hurring, who cleverly caught it within an inch or two of the ground, Creighton's wicket being the fourth, which fell for 24. S. Patchen was next, and began to hit freely and with effect, for he rapidly ran up a score of 10, after which Walton got in on his stumps, the 5th wicket falling for 40. Waddell followed him, and faced Whitney, who had batted well for his score of 7, in which a fine drive for 4 was prominent. He got off a good hit to leg, but T. Sammond fielded so well in this position that the leg hits that were made were not very productive. Whiting was caught by Hurring at slip, who was doing a good business in this line. Waddell, too, after making 3 by a good drive to the on, was the victim of an easy catch at point by Bates. Mitchell, Dakin, and Kelley added nothing to the score except a single, and as there were but ten men to go in, Kelly's was the last wicket, the total score being 48. Three of the eleven had never played in a regular match before, and were mere tyros at the bat; indeed, in this respect there were but three of the eleven who have had anything in the way of practice at the bat, the majority being inexperienced cricketers. At 12:25 the Satellites took the bat, but it was soon apparent that the bowling was too much for them; and the fielding, too, though not the best we have seen the Americans show, was still of a character not to be trifled with. Walton and Palin were the only two that successfully withstood the attacks made upon their wickets by Creighton and Brainard, who both bowled admirably on this occasion, and Walton would have been run out in his first over if the ball had been held at the wicket. The 5th wicket fell for 18 runs only, Creighton taking six wickets in three overs. Till was beautifully caught by Whiting at cover point, and Waddell sent Palin home by a similar catch at point. Kelly and Mitchell both long-stopped, and did it well, too. The last wicket fell for 36, Palin keeping up his wicket well to the last, his score of 7 being the best of the innings. Brown, late of the St. George Club, was badly run out. At 1:45, the Americans again took the bat, but Creighton and Pearsall were the only players that obtained average scores; the former, after scoring 7, of which a fine drive for 3 was prominent, was beautifully caught by Fuller at mid on, the latter carrying his bat out for a well obtained 18, of which a fine drive for 5, and a leg hit for 3, were the best hits. Brainard obtained 5 by two pretty cuts, and Kelley a cut for 3, well hit; and Penkin got a leg hit for 2, the rest being blank scores. The last wicket fell for 32, the 5th having gone down for 25; this left the Satellites 45 to win, and they went in to the bat at 2:45 pretty sanguine of success. Their ardor, however, was considerably abated when, at the fall of the 5th wicket, only 3 runs had been scored, the 6th falling for 9. Walton, however, batted well for over half an hour, scoring 14, consisting of a good hit to leg for 3, and four twos, his steady defence of his wicket and good hitting being the means of saving the game. His wicket fell for 28, after which Palin and Hurring got well in together, the former scoring 7, in which a drive for 3 was conspicuous, and the latter 11, made up of a 3 drive, and three twos well obtained. The field was not well placed in the latter part of this innings, runs being obtained where catches should have been made. Waddell and Whiting again marked their fielding by good catches in their positions, and Kelley also made a very pretty one at long field. Palin's wicket fell for 41, leaving 4 to win, and this number was obtained from a drive for 3 by Hurring, and a bye, the ball glancing from the wicket keeper's hands towards Creighton, who failed to stop it in time. Thus ended this interesting contest, which was one very creditable to both clubs; and, as Mr. Gibbs remarked, on receiving the ball from Mr. Dakin at the close of the proceedings, as each club played none but members of their own clubs and none other, the result cannot but be satisfactory to the victors. Under the circumstances, we think the Americans ten played a very creditable game, and certainly the Satellites did. This club, by the way, has prospered in its career in a very remarkable way, the energy displayed in the management of its affairs by Mr. Sammond being one of the prominent causes. The time of playing the four innings was just four hours. The score:—

AMERICANS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Brainard c Fuller b Walton	12	b Watson	5
Pearsall b Walton	0	not out	13
Parker c Hurring b Watson	7	c and b Watson	2
Creighton c Hurring b Watson	5	c Fuller b Watson	7
Whiting c Hurring b Watson	7	c and b Watson	0
Patchen b Walton	10	b Watson	6
Waddell c Bates b Walton	3	b Walton	0
Mitchell c Walton b Watson	1	b Walton	0
Dakin b Watson	0	b Walton	0
Kelly not out	0	b Walton	3
Leg byes	3	Byes	2
Total	48	Total	32

SATELLITE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Tell c Whiting b Brainard	0	not out	0
Walker b Creighton	3	b Creighton	1
Watson b Creighton	0	b Creighton	0
Walton b Creighton	5	b Creighton	14
Fuller b Brainard	2	c Whiting b Brainard	2
Bates b Creighton	2	c Creighton b Brainard	0
Palin c Waddell b Brainard	7	c Kelly b Brainard	7
Hurring b Creighton	0	not out	11
T Sammond b Creigton	0		
Brown run out	3	c Waddell b Brainard	1
Campbell not out	1	b Creighton	0
Byes 4, leg byes 3, wides 6	13	Byes 5, wides 4	9
Total	36	Total	45

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

SATELLITE—First Innings.

	Balls.	*Runs.*	*Maidens.*	*Wickets.*	*Wides.*
Watson	66	27	2	4	0
Walton	65	18	5	5	0
Second Innings.					
Walton	34	13	1	5	0
Watson	30	17	1	4	0
AMERICANS—First Innings.					
Creighton	48	9	3	6	5
Brainard	48	14	3	3	1
Second Innings.					
Creighton	54	12	4	4	1
Brainard	54	24	1	4	3

Umpires—for Americans, Mr. Sharp; for Satellites, Mr. Boyd.
Scorers—Messrs. Chadwick and Booth.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $12.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance.

Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion.

Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

"LOOKING UP!"

At length, this cheering cry has broken upon our ears and warmed our hearts. We hear it everywhere, and at all hours—first, on the mart, where the chiefs of money most do congregate, then in the tradesmen's store, where the late depression has perhaps been most manifest; entering the places of public amusement, we have also evidences of a change for the better; or dropping in just to make one in the social circle, the same tale is told. The black cloud which has shut out the view of the pure azure, is evaporating, and the genial sun of prosperity is beginning to shine anew.

This is gratifying to us all to a very great extent; yet, nothing in comparison with the satisfaction we derive from the assurance that our national affairs are likewise "looking up!" Now, that the machinery suddenly called into action by the treason of the South, has had time to get into movement, we hear good accounts almost every day, of what is being done in the just cause. Wherever the Stars and Stripes are carried—whether on the land or on the water—there is victory sure to follow them. Even to people who never distrusted the endurance of the Union, (and in the darkest hour we never did,) these successes are welcome: how much more than welcome to those among us whose confidence faltered, just in proportion to their inability to read the signs of the times aright.

In the interval, very long faces have been drawn, and very dreadful forebodings have been uttered. That the beautiful fabric of our republican government was going to tumble to pieces, like a very old house, or a comparatively new one run up in a hurry, was the fore-drawn conclusion. All we had done politically had been an immense blunder! Not one single record in which the true American takes pride had been otherwise than a mistake—commencing with the Declaration of Independence, and thence passing down to our own date. Every American worthy too was a sheer humbug, and the best only amiable lunatics! To oracular nonsense like this, we regret to say many of our contemporaries in city and rural districts contributed their aid; their outside allies being wretched tourists from other parts, either incapable of taking any view at all of our affairs, or else sent over by a corporation of money grubbers, with a ticket of instruction in the crown of their hats!

The alarm induced by these agencies has been terrible indeed; for super-added to our political failure, has been our failure in every thing else—failure on the exchange, among the merchants, traders, artizans, public performers, and not to put too fine a point on it, among the newspaper fraternity as well! Why, who would believe it, were the fact not plain as the sun at noon-day, people were found in the dark, distrustful times, now happily gone, who went so far as to fear for the CLIPPER a premature decease! But we, like Uncle Sam, it will be seen, have outlived the conflict dire, and trust to do so for many a long day to come.

Meanwhile, the accompaniments of our daily walks through the city are very cheering. There are brighter faces everywhere, and more bustle; at the same time, the brief sentence we have chosen for our caption, chimes musically on the ear; and people who, metaphorically speaking, were "down among the dead men" a few weeks since—having no enjoyment for the present, no hope for the future—seem to have been gifted with a new and fresher life. "Looking up!" Such are the two simple words that greet us on almost every corner, in response to our enquiry as to how matters are going; and even the heavens themselves, under GOD'S good blessing, seem to lend strength to the happy change, for when, nine days gone in September, have we had to note such summer days as these that are now upon us?

"Looking up!" Are there no poets in our midst, who will take the words for the title of a new national song—not to be paid for however, by any self-constituted Committee of Taste, but to be accepted by the big heart of America itself, as the exponent of the spirit of the day? Come, gentlemen, set your wits to work, and let us have something grand, and that will endure long after the evil prophets of our destiny are forgotten. Remember that the genius above you now, is the same that directed your fathers in the days that are gone; its type too the same—the brave, bold Eagle, potent alike in peace and war, and with a course it is impossible to tipify more comprehensively than in the brief utterance—"LOOKING UP!"

DEATH OF A BILLIARD TABLE MAKER.—Mr. S. D. Cragin, a well known billiard table manufacturer in the eastern States, died in Boston on the 3d inst. About a month since he was seized with paralysis, and taken to the Massachusetts hospital, where he rapidly recovered, and on the 1st inst. left that institution in pretty good health. On the following day, however, while walking in the street, he fell, and was again taken to the hospital, where he died as above stated.

RIFLE SHOOTING IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.—On Saturday, the 31st of August, it being the day set apart for target practice by the Renfrew Rifles, of Long Branch, Kings County, N. B., (Capt. Joseph Cronk commanding) the members of the company, having received their new uniforms and Enfield rifles a few days before, were marched from their armory by Lieut. Williams, accompanied by the Kingston Brass Band, to the residence of Capt. Joseph Cronk, where they partook of a sumptuous repast, made doubly so by the kind and courteous assistance rendered by the ladies of the house, (Mrs. Thomas Veitch, of Tubby Hook, N. Y., and her two beautiful and accomplished daughters, and Mrs. W. H. Cronk, of N. Y.) whose pleasant smiles and kind attention were enough to make any bachelor wish he was married. Immediately after dinner, the company assembled for target practice, by order of his Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor.

His Excellency, the Lieut. Governor in council, offers for competition to each company of militia volunteering for drill and exercise, a silver medal to be fired for under the following regulations, at such times (on or before the first of September next) and places as the commanding officers of the respective companies may see fit.

1. The number of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, competing for this prize, must not be less than *two-thirds* of the strength of the company to which they belong.

2. There will be three ranges, at each of which the competitors will be allowed three shots; the ranges may be fixed by the officers commanding companies, but the minimum distance must be 200 yards.

3. The names of the successful competitors must be transmitted to the Adjutant General before the 15th of September next, and in order that his Excellency the commander may be enabled to judge of the general and the comparative merits of the shooting, officers commanding companies are directed to send at the same time, Target Practice Returns of the days of competition.

4. Officers commanding companies are to understand that the ammunition to be expended on the day of competition is to be taken from the allowance granted in the general order of the 8th inst.

July 9, 1861. R. HAYNES, A. G. M.

The ranges were 200, 250 and 300 yards; size of target, 24 inches; 3 shots to each range. The firing was very good, and the prize, a silver medal, was won by private Charles Williams, he scoring six points in the three ranges. The judges were W. H. Cronk, of New York; Wesley Laskie, of Long Beach, and Mr. Smith. The judges having announced the name of the winner, three cheers were given for the Queen (perhaps they meant FRANK); three for Mr. Williams; three for Capt. Cronk; and three more for the judges. The day was a beautiful one and it passed off very pleasantly. All business was suspended on Long Reach for that day, and when the Renfrew Rifles assemble for target practice again, may we be there to see.

To understand the matter of points in target shooting here, I send you section 5 of target practice, as printed in the work known as "Drill and Rifle Instruction for the Corps of Rifle Volunteers, by Authority of the Secretary of War." It reads as follows:—"Section 5. The shots that strike the target are to be denoted by flags of different colors, raised above the butt. These flags, together with the number of points fixed on the value of the shots, are as follows:—

Shots.	*Flags.*	*Value in Points*
In the practice to 300 yards inclusive.	Outer..... White or Yellow.....	1
	Centre..... Dark Blue.....	2
	Bull's Eye..Red and White.....	3
	Ricochet..Red flag waved in front of the butt..	5
	Miss.....	

So. JOHN.

To MR FRANK QUEEN.

CONCERNING OLD BILL TOVEE.

In accordance with a promise made some months since, we have concluded to attempt a sort of biography of "the old man eloquent," and such as it is, venture to submit the document for the dissection of our readers. Great difficulty was experienced in drawing out his deeds of old, for fear of offending relatives and friends, while some will be loth to give credence to his numerous successful exploits the past twenty-five years. Because he keeps his own counsel, there's a vast amount of skepticism abroad in the land, and everybody wants to know if Tovee ever fought, and how he became so famous or notorious. The name is part of this city, just as much as the Lime-Kiln man was; in reality, the people know no more of the one than the other. "There goes Tovee!" is heard every half-dozen steps the old gent takes, but except his being the M.C., those same people know nothing about him. To give light where all has been darkness, we annex the very imperfect list of his doings, and leave to some one else the task of inditing his biography in book form, remarking that whoever gets hold of it, and knows how to dish it up, can count on a small fortune by the sale thereof.

WILLIAM TOVEE first saw the light in the year 1802, in Fleet street, London, and consequently is now going on sixty, with a fair prospect of seeing the rare old "three score and ten." Nothing remarkable from other youngsters transpired till he reached seventeen; at that time he was apprenticed to a wood sawyer; always in for a lark, he sent a new comer to borrow a "round square," which of course he didn't find, but had all hands laughing at him except the author of his folly; the kid was so cut at being the butt of others by one less than himself, that he up and gives young Bill "a mash under the ear." "If that's yer game, I can do a bit o' that myself!" roared our hero, and at it they went for full twenty-five minutes, when the victim cried enough! In this he used his hands so well, that the men of the shop thought he might be "one of 'em" if he lived. So they took him to see the boxers and their performances. Soon after this, he and some others were on a hurrah, when a strapping six-footer (Jim Cane) knocked off his tile, which rolling under a cart-wheel, got squelched; the hat was bran new, and Bill, after gathering it up, said he'd punch his jaw if he repeated the act; big 'un laughed, and again sent the beaver flying; this was unbearable, so he kept his word by letting drive at six-foot, full force; the result was a fight in favor of the giant. His next customer was Ike Blake, a skilful boxer, who got the best of Bill through the latter's sickness. He was seconded by Sam Jennings and Bill Crawley; Blake by Jack January and another. Tovee got off a sick bed to show he wasn't afraid, but, naturally enough, lost the fight, to the great delight of January, who had blackguarded him into it—Jack was a hard case. His fourth was to have been a fight with Connor, but Bill received forfeit, £25. The day set apart was May 29, 1826, to come off after Jennings and Clem's fight; Dick Curtis and Tom Belcher were to second Tovee, and this will give an idea whether Bill was good or not; Belcher called him a second White-headed Bob, on account of his light hair and a similarity in boxing. Tovee next had a turn-up with one Jack May, a tough case; after being at it forty-two minutes, the police interfered, and adjourning to another spot, consumed forty-three minutes more to beat the game publican—the fight in all lasting eighty five minutes. May was beat awfully about the head, while Tovee's body was black and blue. After the battle, the crowd struck for Jack's porter-house, to tell the sad news, and Bill accompanied them for a surprise. The fellows there would like to see the man that beat Jack, and some one whispered he was present. "That be blowed! there's nobody here big enough to do it! and if there was, don't try to pass off men without a scratch as having made Jack sick!" Bets ran high on the subject, and when all their change was staked, Tovee stepped forward, stripped to the pelt, and by showing his bruised body, convinced them, though against their will. If they were surprised, Jack himself was more so, and vowed he'd let Tovee alone in the future. May is still living in England, and when Old Dutch Sam finds him, our readers will have this over his own signature.

In the cholera times of 1832, Tovee landed in New York, and his family were attacked with that awful malady; they eventually recovered, and the first we hear of him in America was thrashing a rough in three rounds in Division street, of which Mr. Hurley will bear testimony. Beat Tom Faulkner with the gloves; his weight, 225 lbs; Tom still lives, somewhere in Williamsburgh. Beat a 203 lb. Cockney with gloves—the heavy-weight stood a bottle of brandy for being knocked down; he said it was the only time in his life. Beat Bill Jones, first at singing and then at fighting; Bill was known as the Bully of Tioga, but Tovee took out his pin-feathers. Met Butcher Cooley, of the Bowery, in Yankee Sullivan's, Madison street; Tovee at that time had a large farm in Pennsylvania, and, attired as a farmer, was on a visit here; Butch was drunk, and having come with a crowd, selected the countryman (Bill) as a butt for fun: Cooley jostled him purposely, and meeting opposition, asked the loan of gloves to settle it; they belted away till Cooley was getting weak, when several of the party drew knives on Bill; just in the nick of time Sullivan arrived, and of course the affray was stopped, or Tovee would probably have been sent to glory at "double-quick;" this was the only time anybody "went down after things" to use on him. At Geo. Kensett's, in Pearl street, sparred with two brothers, now prominent citizens, and pleased both. Set to with Bill Hughes and Kelly at Kensett's benefit. Beat a big butcher in a hall near Centre Market, at Hughes' benefit. Draw with Donelly, of Brooklyn, at Sullivan's—a glove fight. A merry glove fight with Jem Stewart (who fought Billy Wilson) was stopped by Kensett against Tovee's wishes. Draw with Bill Ford (a good 'un) at the Shakespeare; set-to afterwards with a rough. Draw with Harry Dubois at the Hoboken House, glove fight. Beat a sailor at Monroe Hall; Tovee got badly thrown, but eventually beat him to a stand still. At Bob Caunt's benefit, in Flushing, a glove fight came off between two rippers; Tovee set to with the winner, and Caunt with the loser. Beat Bob Fuller with the fist, and had trouble to bring him to. Beat a "shover of the queer" for trying to come the game at the Mistletoe Bough, in one round, and the whole gang took to their heels; Bill was never troubled with shovers after that. Beat a Canadian butcher (gloves) to settle a bet between two brothers named Sargood, who fetched the fellow and Taunted Tovee into it—telling him afterwards of their bet: that was one way of getting up fun, any how. Knocked Billy Dodd out of time at Murphy's benefit. Wound up with Cheshire Bob at his benefit in Madison street, and made a sensation. Beat Jim Fincher twice at Sullivan's with gloves. Sparred with Deguire the Ped, at the benefit of Geo. Lea, alias Snatchem. Beat Geo. Kensett and Dave Horton, teachers, one after the other, at Major's, in Elizabeth street; Horton lives somewhere in Jersey, but Kensett has been dead some time. Laid out Harry Reynolds at his own benefit. Wound up with Joe Murphy, in Brooklyn, amid tremendous excitement. Beat Bill Francis, at Butler's, in Broadway, in seven and a half minutes, and four rounds, with the fist. At the Broadway House, set to with Kensett to a discriminating audience; Boss Harrington sparred the same night, and this was the only time Tovee ever saw him take a hand. In Newark, after Tovee and Kensett had appeared, the celebrated Bill Fuller, who fought Molineux, thought Bill to be some crack fighter in disguise, and eagerly inquired who he was. That's another big point; Fuller still lives in Jersey; he is worth some $50,000. Beat Joe Murphy, in Feb., 1852, at Major's: Kit Burns and Stewart handled Bill, and Clare and another Burns seconded Joe. Tovee won easily; they fought for $100 and receipts of the house. Knocked Murphy stiff at the Paterson theatre, and caused the people to rush from the house in terror; Ed Price and Enoch Davies sparred together the same night. Wound up with Jack Williams, the Ped., in Brooklyn. Sparred with Bill the Shrimp-man, Tom Bellamy, and Jonathan Ellway, three big fishermen, in succession, at his own house, and looked rather wet afterwards. Set-to sixteen times with Jack Adams, and all of 'em good. Sparred with Frank Vincent at the Bowery Theatre, in "Life in London," after even Mike Murphy had backed down; Frank was a terror, yet Tovee didn't get any the worst. Jack Cody was to have appeared with Vincent, but having offended some of the girls, they made a bouquet of turnips and slung it at Jack, from up stairs, and that had sickened him. Beat Dr. Newman, glove fight, at Hoboken House; the Doctor wanted a fist fight for $1500 a side, but Bill couldn't raise it, to his sorrow, for it was the easiest thing he ever had. Beat Sanca twice with gloves. Had a rough turn-up with Sailor Jack at the Shakespeare. Beat Massey at Molineux's benefit in Myrtle avenue, and hit him senseless. Sparred with Mike Ward, of Troy, at Mackey's benefit. Five times he set-to with Barney Lunney. Glove fight with Scotty at Volk's Garden, when Tom Davis insisted on their stopping for fear of serious consequences; sparred with Scotty at Staten Island. Broke his arm in punching Ward, of Brooklyn, yet kept on eight rounds after; was finally forced off to the surgeon's. Met Izzy Lazarus on the occasion of his first benefit in twenty-one years, and made a good show; Izzy was 170 lbs. heavier than Bill. Had a turn-up with Murphy in a bar-room, but was separated after ten minutes hard milling. Bested Holland twice in Newark, and the Rat Catcher once with gloves. Set to with Old Barney Aaron twice at Mulligan's, and the Shakespeare, and Aaron was so pleased as to present him with a magnificent wallet, which he retains to this day; Barney afterwards challenged Bill, but left for England the same week. Sparred with Dan Smith, at Clare's benefit, and wound up with Dan in Philadelphia. Draw with Young Barney Aaron at Newark, and received an ovation from men, women, and children. Beat Scranton a glove fight at Mulligan's. Three black eyes were given between him and Roche at Sportsman's Hall, two for Bill and one for John. Made Tom Shaw sick in 20 minutes at Butler's: Tom was a crack boxer. A good show with Bradley, Star of the West, in Chicago. Met Mike Trainor in Chicago, had the gloves on, and Mike said he never expected such sharp work from an old man. Tried Jack Hayes at the same place, with his usual good luck. Twice more with Trainor in St. Louis. A glove fight with Jack Ogden, same place. Waited on Mr. Wait, not a feather-weight, 170 lb., and by a waiting game, greatly deceived this weighty individual. Served Charley Hill out twice, and wound him up at his benefit. Made out tip-top with Jack Clarke, an old pug, at Butler's. Taught Prof. Neville, of Buffalo, some practical points, and sparred with Johnny Lazarus the same night. In Toronto made his bow with Spaulding, and the Canadians tried to get him to tarry there. Had a rattling bout with Jack Campbell in Cleveland, and held his own; Jack once fought Nat Langham.

This record embraces only those worthy of mention up to the year 1857, for he has probably set to with as many more. Since 57, Bill Tovee's doings have been duly recorded in this paper alone, and as this was compiled solely for the benefit of our sporting subscribers, we think the history of the eccentric Tovee has been pretty well written up. His late career is not to be compared to former days, for he has done more for the cause, both by words and actions, than any dozen we could name. Though not having dates attached, the different scenes will be vividly brought to mind to those present in days of "auld lang syne." He is always on hand at the different reunions in this city, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, or Jersey, and at many farther away, lending his presence and services as no other man will be found doing when he's gone. A few words more, and we'll let up on your patience. Ten or fifteen years ago Tovee was independently rich, had three stores in this city, owned real estate where the Bull's Head House stands, a farm in Pennsylvania, and a large tract on Staten Island. Now—but why touch so sensitive a chord?—through adversity, sickness, and death, together with his love of sport, everything is gone! In St. Louis he had $400 stolen from him, and would have lost his life but for Mike Trainor and another. At that place he was christened Rev. Mr. Tovee; it was so printed on the bills. Many church members attended, and some clergymen were present buzzing each other as to what denomination he belonged to—when, lo! and behold! two cropped heads are announced for a spar! The thing having gone so far, the good people made up their minds to see it out, and a jolly time they had, especially when the Rev. Mr. Tovee appeared in knee-breeches. Whatever faults he may have, in everything he undertakes there is no give in till the top of the ladder is gained. For several years Tovee held the highest office with the Druids, an ancient order, and at one time filled three important positions; he has a splendid oil painting of the three offices, which are perfect likenesses of him, and holds many precious and valuable souvenirs of the order. The lithograph in costume, so familiar in all sporting houses, was copied from an oil painting, not from life, and that nearly twenty years ago, when it was a correct likeness. Tovee possesses many rare curiosities, but through all his misfortunes, nothing can induce him to part with them. In appearance, he is not unlike the great Havelock, who lies buried in the far-off India: a long head, prominent nose, mild blue eyes, with a neatly trimmed gray whisker traversing his face and throat from ear to ear, and iron grey hair, without baldness; though of slight build, he is tough and wiry, with all the elasticity of youth in his movements; his height is about 5 feet 5 inches, and cannot weigh much over 130 lbs., yet, looking back at his famous career, a slight touch of romance seems to stick out in different incidents, when one thinks of the burly opponents he has vanquished. We now take leave of Old Bill Tovee for the present, wishing him all possible prosperity and peace of mind, and you the felicity of getting the CLIPPER the instant it's printed. What more could you want?

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

JOSEPH WOOD.

The following sketch of Mr. Wood, which I have placed in brackets, was written by Mr. Charles Durang, of Philadelphia, and to whom I am indebted for it:—

"Joseph Wood was born in the village of Breton, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, England, on the 7th of March, 1801. His father, Thomas Wood, was a brewer of good standing. Like most country lads in plain position and prospects, his education was of a very limited nature, being what we call in this country a plain one, consisting of reading, writing and arithmetic.

At an early age, Wood became a cattle dealer in a humble way. His success as a drover was not flattering. He was inclined to the manly sports of the rustic circle. In single stick he beat all the lads of the green. These were his aspirations till he had nearly become a pugilist. The monotony of a country life grew wearisome to him, so without his father's knowledge, he started for London with a few shillings in his pocket, and without baggage. He reached huge Lun'n town with nought but abundance of high animal spirits and great hopes to sustain him. He seemingly had no plan of action. He was young, (twenty-two years of age,) stout, tall, of athletic proportions and had quite a comely face. In truth, he was a good looking fellow. On his arrival at the metropolis, he engaged a small bed-room for a few pence per week in a chop shop in Butcher Hall lane. Here he soon had cause to repent of his runaway freak. His purse of a few shillings soon became very small. Store employment he failed to procure, and starvation stared him in the face. He wandered from street to street without food to support his life. He knew he had a fine voice, and was a crack singer in the village, and his mind led him to think of an application to a theatre or a booth of strollers; but he had no knowledge of music, and that want alone would reject his offer. Then he thought, in his desperation, of entering the prize ring. With this object he frequented the Westminster pit, where the famed pugilists of the day congregated, such as Deaf Burke, Dutch Sam, Jem Belcher, and others of the ring disciples. But he soon became tired of this society, and understanding horses, he offered himself as a cab driver.

Thus Wood moved in poverty, attending the free and easies that then abounded in lower London society, where he spent his evenings in singing songs, to the admiration of the company, and with the compensation of mugs of beer. At these resorts he soon became acquainted with theatrical persons of various grades, who encouraged him to a trial on the boards; but his broad Yorkshire dialect presented an insuperable objection to his admission as an actor. At length Wood attracted the notice of Mr. T. Phillips, the musician and composer of the Surrey Theatre, and as is the custom there, became articled to that gentleman for three years, Mr. Wood's father giving the fee of £150 to the professor.

In 1826, Phillips went with his pupil to Dublin, where he brought young Wood forth at once in the polished circles of private concerts, whereat his dulcet notes poured forth such sweet melody in songs, arias, and duets, that he was at once elevated to the position of *artiste* in the society of the *elete* of the Irish metropolis. These preliminaries introduced him to the Dublin stage.

In 1826, Wood made his first appearance at the Dublin theatre as Hawthorn, in Love in a Village, for the benefit of Miss Harvey, who was also one of Phillip's pupils. Thus successful beyond all anticipation, Phillips returned to London with Wood, and made arrangements with the management of Convent Garden for his *debut*, which was crowned with success, and he was engaged at a salary of £10 per week for the first year."]

His first appearance in London was June 30th, 1828, as Edward, in The Freebooters. In May, 1830, he married Lady Wm. Lennox. In 1833, he visited the United States, and played in all the principal cities, in conjunction with his wife; he was a very unfortunate actor, having been driven from the New York stage in 1836. His first appearance on the American stage was September 9th, 1833, as Prince, in Cinderella, at the Park Theatre, New York; first appeared in Philadelphia, October 7th, 1833, as Hawthorne, in "Love in a Village," and gave great satisfaction. His singing all but equalled that of his better half. His song of "Under the Rose," has not perhaps been equalled by any singer on our stage, with the exception of Incledeon, in "Black Eyed Susan." After having played a successful "star engagement," he arrived in New York, and was announced May 30th, 1836, to appear at the Park Theatre. During the day the public mind was thrown into a good deal of excitement in consequence of a recommendation of the Editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, for the public to repair to the Park Theatre, to put down Mr. Wood. It appears a newspaper quarrel had arisen between the editor and the actor, and it being the benefit night of the latter, the former was determined to put him down. Hand-bills were put forth in the public streets, calling on the friends of Mr. Wood to come forth and sustain him. An hour or two before the theatre opened, a crowd began to assemble, and as soon as the doors were opened, the house was crowded from Pit to the Gallery; for an hour before the curtain rose it was—"three cheers for Webb," and "three cheers for Wood"—"groans for Webb and groans for Wood"—cat-calls, cheers, groans, and all sorts of noises; so much so that it was a perfect Babel. The manager, it appears, had determined to go on with the piece. The curtain rose, and when Mrs. Wood appeared, there were cheers from all parts of the house, mingled with hisses. She was so overcome with fright and terror that her voice entirely failed her. Mr. Wood soon appeared, and this was the signal for the beginning of the real row. The cheers and hisses were prodigious. As for acting, however, it was out of the question; all sorts of missiles were thrown on the stage—a cent struck Mrs. Wood in the face; and a piece of a bench, six feet long, was thrown from the second tier, which Wood fortunately caught. The actors stood in dumb show until they were pelted off. The front doors of the house were soon forced, and the crowd outside rushed in. The manager changed the play; actors came on and attempted to proceed, but it was all pantomime.

From 9 to 11 o'clock the crowd dispersed, and at a late hour very few remained about the building—happily the whole ended without the destruction of much property. The alleged cause of this outbreak was the following:—

"Mr. Wood had announced a concert, and on the same evening Mrs. Conduit was to have a benefit, and play 'Guy Mannering.' Mr. Wood not knowing that Mrs C. had chosen that opera, announced it for his concert, and it was for this, that Mr. Webb, the editor of the *Courier and Inquirer*, published a card, saying that Wood had grossly insulted a lady, and should be driven from the stage. The next day Mr. Wood published a card, from which we extract the following:—

"I need not assure you, gentlemen, that I am not sensible of having committed a single fault towards the public since my residence in this country, which calls for explanation or apology. It has been my misfortune to arouse the ill will of a single individual connected with the press, who had determined to make a private difference the cause of public dissention.

Nothing, I admit, is easier than to get up a strong prejudice against a public man, under the charge of ill treatment towards a woman; and I declare to you, it is a generous and chivalrous feeling, and does honor to manhood; but to make the charge just, it must be founded in truth.

Miss Ribbon, now Mrs. Conduit, we met in a theatrical tour in England. Mrs. Wood, believing that she possessed merit, took pleasure in aiding her efforts, as she is always grat fied in doing towards any member of the profession. When we arrived in Philadelphia, Mrs C. called upon Mrs W. and begged she would intercede with the manager of the principle theatre to procure her an engagement—this was cheerfully done. I mention these facts to show that there could be no bad feelings towards this lady on our part.

Mrs. Conduit fixed her benefit on the night of my concert, which the manager stated he had made arrangements for a month previous, and as to my taking "Guy Mannering" from her, after it was announced for her benefit, it was entirely the result of accident, and not design."

In 1836 he returned to England, but prior to his leaving, a public dinner was offered him by the citizens of New York, which he was obliged to decline, in consequence of having made arrangements to sail immediately. As soon as his refusal was received, a subscription was opened, and immediately filled, for the purchase of a splendid service of plate, to be presented to Mr. and Mrs. Wood, consisting of the following pieces:—

A server, richly chased, grape pattern border, with splendidly embossed scroll centre, ornamented with clusters of flowers.

Two large silver pitchers, richly chased in antique style of polished chasing, with frosted borders and heavy scroll handles, ornamented with figures in bold relief.

Silver tea kettle mounted on a stand, with a heating lamp, richly chased in antique style, corresponding with the pitchers.

Tea pot, sugar bowl and cream cup, chased as above, surmounted with a rose of rich frosted chasing.

Goblets, with covers, surmounted with a beautifully chased American eagle of the frosted chasing, gilded inside richly, with scroll in front for engraving inscription. Sailed for England June 8th, 1836.

MRS. JOSEPH WOOD.

Maiden name Susannah Paton. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, Oct., 1802. At two years of age she could distinguish any note, whether a full tone or a semi-tone. At four years she played on the piano and harp; and at five years composed several pieces, which were thought worthy of publication. At eight years of age she gave public concerts, under the patronage of the Duchess of Buccleugh. She then withdrew for six years from the public eye, and devoted herself to study. In 1820 she reappeared, and gave evidence of great musical talents. October 31, 1822, she appeared at the Haymarket, as Susanna, in "The Marriage of Figaro." She was then engaged at Covent Garden, at a handsome salary, where she remained for four years. In an evil hour she consented to marry Lord Wm. Lennox, in 1830, whose conduct towards her excited the sympathy of the public. A divorce having been legally obtained, she married Mr. Wood, in May, 1830. In 1833 she visited the United States with her husband, and made her first appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, September 9th, as Cinderella; first appeared in Philadelphia, October 7th, 1833, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Rosetta, in "Love in a Village." The renown of Mrs. Wood preceded her arrival in this country by nearly half a score years, under her maiden name of Paton. We had read of her in the London journals, until our eyes were sore with pouring over accounts of the astonishing effects of her vocal powers, and were prepared for something nearly superhuman, in the strains that were to issue from her dulcet throat.

We were never more gratified with the sounds of any human voice than with her fine singing in the delightful airs assigned her in the charming character of Rosetta. Her style of acting was remarkably neat and expressive—she had the advantage of a commanding figure, if not a very handsome face.

Mrs. Wood received more adulation in her own country, for her taste and talents in the line of her profession than any female vocalist that ever appeared there.

She travelled throughout the States on a starring tour, delighting all who listened to her warbling.

In 1836 she returned to Europe, having fulfilled one of the most successful engagements ever known on the American stage.

In 1836, when she was in this country, she gave her gratuitous services to a religious Catholic society in Boston, and afterwards had a small testimonial presented to her, singularly and beautifully written on tinted paper. The following is a copy:

"MADAME:—This is but a slight token of the orphan's gratitude, but it is hallowed by the orphan's prayer. Whatever is happiness on earth, may it be yours; and when earth's labors are done, may those exquisite and thrilling tones which have relieved our wants, be blended with the seraph voices around the throne of God in heaven. Written by AN ORPHAN."

This affecting testimonial preyed upon her mind for a long time, and she often expressed her admiration of the religion and beauty which she there became more directly conversant with. To the impression this circumstance made upon her mind is attributed the change in her religious views.

In 1843 she entered the Convent, and soon were there false rumors set afloat, one of which was, that she was forced to enter the Convent, by the ill treatment of her husband. Mrs. Wood published a card, in which she denied it.

It is admitted on all hands that they lived on the most happy terms, and that her marriage with Mr. Wood was as felicitous as her first marriage with Lord Lennox was the reverse. After her marriage with the former gentleman, she was never able to make good her stand in London. The parting of Mrs. Wood from Mr. Wood and their infant son was said to be truly affecting, and proved the intensity of their attachment, the sacrifice they made, and the triumph of religion over this world.

This decision of Mrs Wood was no sudden ebullition. On the contrary, she had been for several months in communication with the clergymen of the Catholic Church at Wakefield, into which she was publicly received on Sunday, the 5th of February, 1843.

In a short time she quitted the Convent's walls, and returned to her domestic duties, and, probably to divert her mind, Mrs. W., together with her husband, accepted a professional engagement, and once more charmed the public ear with her "harmonious breathings."

EVENING RAMBLE SKETCHES.

NO. IV.—BILLY CLARKE'S.

It is so long since we sent forth No. 3, that many must have thought that the ramblings were discontinued on account of the hard times. Not so, friends, but they may be looked for quite frequently throughout the present volume. There's too many objects of interest in this village to back out on the strength of not knowing what to write about, and this time the lot has fallen on that prince of good fellows, William Clarke, of 189 Laurens street. We have had many opportunities of judging what kind of a man he is, and have not spent our time in vain. The first meeting occurred at Fort Hamilton, during Australian Kelly's training for his fight with Ed Price, and the very first impressions were highly in his favor. As Jem was in his private apartment, the time occupied in waiting was happily employed in conversing of matters and things in the Old World, and in that short time more was learned of sporting incidents abroad than all the book language has ever imparted before or after that period. There was nothing gross in his talk either, and everything tended to show his superior education from what sporting men generally get credit for. Since then, our experience has taught us that a boxer may be accomplished in more ways than sparring, and the present subject is a striking example. Mr. Clarke is quite as much at home with the piano, concertina, flute, violin, and clarionet, as with the gloves or in the ring; in addition to this, he is a fine singer, good dancer, and possesses conversational powers of a high order. This may sound strange to some folks, but it is none the less true. The change in his personal appearance and dress would no doubt get him the nick-name of "Yankee Clarke" should he ever visit home again, as many similar instances have occurred before to-day. Be that as it may, let us take a walk up towards his place, and have a look around at the gallery of fine arts. Here we are right at the door, 189 Laurens, near Bleecker street, and there sits Sir William on the lounge, looking quite "poorly." "Hello, Bill! how goes it?" "Why, how d'ye do, young man?" "First rate! but you don't look any too well." The fact was, Billy had been out yachting, hunting, and fishing, and what with the heat and duckings in going after birds, he had contracted a pretty tough cold, and Old Rheumatiz had laid violent hands on him, so that for a week he was bed-ridden and unable to move. His "gude ladye," however, was never ceasing in ministering to his comfort, and that's why we found him up so soon. The time flies quickly while enjoying an old fashioned confab, so agreeably is one entertained at his snuggery. Our attention is attracted to a large-sized imported water spaniel, who seems to know we don't belong there, and is looking up at his master with a kind of "don't you wish this fellow put out" look, that is really droll. At a nod from Billy, he scampers to his side, all ready for orders. "Go get a bottle of soda-water!" and off the dog starts behind the bar, returning with a bottle of sarsaparilla. "I said soda water, sir!" and he brings porter. "Will you do as I tell you?" and doggy again commits himself by trotting back with porter. "If you make any more blunders, I'll warm your jacket!" and sure enough, this fetched him, for the soda was instantly forthcoming. As all the bottles are packed in baskets, we leave it to more dogmatical writers than ourselves to explain how he knew so well what he had to do. A trio of public functionaries coming in, we take a stroll over the room, and jot down the numerous specialities on the sly. As you enter, a handsome reflector is the most conspicuous piece of furniture to good looking chaps like ourselves, (heaven save the mark!) and the more we look the more we get to like the fellow looking at us; on one side of the mirror are Joe Coburn, Tom Sayers, [citizens dress,] and the Pet of the Fancy; on the other, Joe Hoiles, [Spider,] John C. Heenan, and the Pet of the Ladies—a most damnable taking-off of some of the bewhiskered noodles who travel on their shape. To the right, on a projecting section, can be seen two oil paintings of a "customer getting ready" and "waiting for a customer," in the centre of which is a lithograph of a black-and-tan pup, with a rat in his mouth near the size of himself, called "Pluck;" under these are photographs in fighting costume of Dan Kerrigan, Harry Clarke, George Morton, Little Billy Clarke, Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy, the latter two sitting down. Further east we have three mammoth colored designs of Chambers, Messenger, and Kelly, in separate frames, and beautiful prints they are; below, Flora Temple and George M. Patchen, each by itself, with Newbold's International Fight between the two famed trotters. Jumping over the corner, the "Cove wot lost" and the "Cove wot won" may be seen, the former with a cigar in his jaw unhurt, while the latter's mug looks a dozen ways for Sunday—a telling hit at how things have been done in times gone by; Bob Travers' full length is also in the vicinity. All in a row, comes Charley Lynch, Morrissey, and Smith, in ring costume; then Johnny Lazarus, private dress; Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer's great battle is in a good position, and alongside is the curious looking fight between Humphreys and Mendoza, when cocked hats and powdered wigs were the go. On the lower row of the opposite side are large-size photographs from life, by Newbold, of the following celebrated pugilists in separate frames and citizen's dress:—Joe Nolan, Charley Lynch, Harry Orme, Bob Brettle, Billy Shaw, Harry Broome, Geo. Brown, Ben Caunt, Jem Ward, Owen Swift, Harry Brunton, Jemmy Welsh, Jemmy Shaw, Job Cobley, Jem Mace (in costume,) Staleybridge Infant, Dan Thomas, Jerry Noon, Tom Paddock, Booger Crutchley, and Nat Langham, all of which form the most complete collection in the country, and well worth a visit; every man's name is attached to his likeness. Over these, nicely arranged, are handsome colored prints of John C. Heenan, Tom Sayers, Nat Langham, George Thompson (Bob McLaren, or Peter Crawley's Big 'Un, who fought Morrissey in California,) and Jimmy Hart, gotten up here; and Tom Sayers, Gillam, Jem Ward, Young Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Harry Broome, Johnny Walker, Mike Madden, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Tom Paddock, Bob Travers, and Jemmy Massey, done in England; and a splendid steel engraving of Tom Cribb and Nat Langham, the only ones in the country that we are aware of. Then there's the big fight between Johnny Broome and Johnny Hannan, colored; the fight between the brindle dog, Crib, and Carter's fighting pig, Pape, also colored; the fight between Heenan and Morrissey, from the CLIPPER Pictorial; Distinguished Boxers and a table of their performances, CLIPPER Pictorial; Heads of Champion Pugilists, Championship CLIPPER Extra; and a comical picture of the last round between Tom and Benish, where the latter is sloshing around promiscuously among the Britishers. Tom White, the great oarsman, has also a fine likeness. In the way of

horse flesh, may be seen pictures of the memorable race between Fashion and Peytona, Ethan Allen and mate *vs* Lantern and mate, Hero and Fiora Temple, and the fast nags, Lady Woodruff, Miller's Damsel, Darcey and Stella, all to sulkies, and going like fury. A couple of quaint oil paintings, and several small ambrotypes and prints of heroes well known to fame, with others weekly accumulating, make William Clarke's one of the most noted houses in the world to those fond of pictures, and good eating, drinking, and smoking, together with the rich melody of a fine toned piano, and with these few remarks we bring our hasty sketch to a close.

DEFERRED ENGLISH SPORTING ITEMS.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A GO OF FOUR MILES.—J. BRIGHTON, OF NORWICH AND E. MILLS, OF BETHNAL GREEN.—On Monday, Aug. 12, these pedestrians met at Hackney Wick, to decide their race of four miles, for £25 a side. There were about 1,000 spectators present. To complete the distance the competitors had to run twenty-seven times round the course, and as both were reported to be in tip top condition the confidence of their partisans was unbounded. Just before preparation was made for getting the men to the scratch, the Norwich champion was made the favorite at 5 to 4. The race had been named in the articles to be run at half-past six o'clock, but it was not until the delay of half an hour that the competitors came on the ground, when it was at once to be seen they were all that could be desired in condition. Mills was acting under the direction of his backer, W. Price, and G. Beddow, the pedestrian—the last-named man going with him during the whole time of runing. Brighton, on making his appearance on the course, was attended by Jem Mace, the Champion of England, who was particularly attentive to his townsman, and waited on him during the match. The pedestrians having taken up their positions at the mark, soon bounded away, the lead being taken by Brighton, who went dashing away at a swinging pace, leaving Mills some two yards in the rear, it evidently being the intention of the latter to let his opponent command the lead, so long as he could be racing close up, and keeping him nicely within range. Both men now went rattling along in beautiful style, and throughout the first mile there was not the slightest variation, Brighton still maintaining the front position; this portion of the distance being accomp ished in 4min. 44sec. When the second mile was commenced, Mills was still some two or three yards in the rear, but it was apparent the Londoner was was running quite within himself. When the twelfth lap had been commenced, Mills, as they went along the back of the course, made a fine spurt, and closed up the gap between himself and opponent. He did not, however, hold his prominent advantage long, for ere the lap had been completed, Brighton again succeeded in getting the lead. In this manner the men continued running until entering the 14th lap (this being the finish of the second mile), when Mills again in going up the back stretch made a fine, admirable spurt, and came to the front, but ere they had come again into the straight run, Brighton was bounding along with the lead, the two miles having been accomplished in 9min. 44sec. The struggle was now well sustained on the part of both until running the 20th lap—three miles not having been quite accomplished—when Mills, who was some three or four yards in the rear, had the ill luck to injure his right foot with the spike of his running shoe, which caused him to at once pull up lame, so that Brighton now had to run the remainder of the distance by himself, which he did at a very easy pace. The friends of Mills were literally amazed at the result and for some seconds could hardly believe it possible their man had been compelled to resign.

RACE FOR THE CHAMPION BELT.—ALBISON AND LANG.—These men contended in Manchester, on Aug. 12. S. Albison (the champion mile runner) is well known for his speed and achievements as a pedestrian, and W. Lang of Manchester (formerly of Middlesborough,) has earned for himself a fame far above mediocrity. The contest between them was to run one mile for £25 a side, and the champion belt held by Albison, but long coveted by Lang. The trophy was originally won by Albison, in Aug., 1860, but he was subsequently deprived of it by C. Mower of Dereham, near Durham, though the latter, in turn, was again defeated by "the hero of Bowlee." The betting at the start was 5 to 4 on Albison, 6 to 4 being wanted. Shortly before six o'clock the favorite entered the course, appearing fit to run for his own life, and was attended by his old trainer, J. Etchells. Lang followed in his wake, accompanied by Mr. G. Hardy, and W. Fish, who had prepared him for this event. The preliminaries having been arranged, Lang went out first, but on his returning, and the pistol being fired, Albison began to show the way for a few strides. Lang then went to the fore, and cut out the work, though the pace was not fast. When first they passed the stand, Lang led by a yard and a half, and soon after he increased his advantage, but Albison was evidently running within himself. During the next revolution no change took place in their positions. Lang, on its completion, heading his opponent by a couple of yards. On arriving at the turn leading to the back stretch of the course, in the final round, the "tug of war" commenced in reality, Albison making an effort to get in front, which, for a few yards, Lang seemed determined he should not do, and thus the pace was, of course, proportionately increased. The favorite, however, shot ahead, but still, step by step Lang well contested the race, and when they arrived within 200 yards of home, all Lang's energies were completely exhausted, and he fell on the grass. Albison then pulled up, walked in as he pleased, and thus the belt remains in the hands of the man who has proved himself so well able to defend it.

A HALF MILE DASH.—On the 10th of August, W. Perry and J. May met at West Brompton to run half a mile, for £10 a side, Perry receiving 10 yards start. Both men are well known as pedestrians, and the match produced a great deal of interest among their respective friends. In betting, May, who is "a compo" by trade, was the favorite at slight odds. Both men were all that could be desired in condition, and were equally confident of victory. They had to start by report of pistol, and on coming to the scratch, Perry was placed the allotted distance in advance of his opponent. The starter having taken up his position some two or three yards in the rear of the men, the question was put, "Are you ready?" which having been responded to, the signal was fired. Perry displayed considerable agility in getting off, and owing to this he gained another two yards the best of the start. At a slashing pace Perry made the running, while May, who was making every effort to diminish the gap between himself and opponent, appeared to be gaining ground, and this for a moment caused his friends confidently to hope they were destined to have their expectations realised. As they went looming along, however, these anticipations began to fade, for when 440 yards of the distance had been covered, it was found that he had not gained the slightest advantage on his opponent. While running the last quarter, May again and again made a splendid spurt, but to no purpose, for Perry commanded the lead right through, and went in the winner by eight yards.

WOTTON AND ANSTEY.—On Monday, Aug. 5, these pedestrians met at West Brompton to run 200 yards, for £5 a side, the meeting being well attended. The men had to go by report of pistol, and when the preparatory matters had been adjusted, they came to the mark, looking all that could be desired in condition. The friends of both were confident, still there was very little betting on the result. The starter having taken up his position in the rear of the men, and given the word to start, away they bounded at a slashing pace, and when 100 yards of the distance had been covered, it was evident that Anstey had the race in hand, for notwithstanding Wotton's most strenuous efforts, he could not close up the gap, but when the competitors were within 20 yards of the goal, Anstey, thinking he had the race completely in hand, committed the stupid, and to him fatal error, of looking round to see if his opponent was coming, and in making the sudden turn he lost his balance, and the consequence was he fell a regular "burster," though not hurting himself severely. This accident at once gave victory to Wotton, who landed a winner.

A ONE MILE RACE.—On Monday, August 5th, there were nearly 300 assembled at the Chalk Farm grounds to witness the sweepstakes between Baines, Stainer, and Jones, to run one mile, each staking £5, the winner to take the £15. The betting was in favor of Jones, his partisans offering 6 to 4 on him. On stripping, each of the men looked in capital condition, Jones looking as fit as possible to be made. When the signal to go was given, Baines immediately took up the running, and soon held a lead of 10 yards, Stainer and Jones running side by side. This order continued up to the third lap (seven to the mile), when Jones put on a spurt, and left Stainer. While going down the back stretch, he also passed Baines, and, forcing the pace, soon led by 15 yards. From this point, the race was never in doubt, as Stainer gave up in the fifth lap, and Baines' chance was seen to be hopeless, Jones' friends offering a pound to a shilling on their man. While running the last lap, Baines made a final spurt, but could not get near Jones, who won by 20 yards, amidst the vociferous cheers of his friends.

QUOITS.

A QUOIT MATCH for £20 a side, between R. Walkinshaw of Carlops, and R. Kirkland of Mauchline, was played on Mr. McGaw's Green, Glasgow, on Saturday, August 10. This match had excited considerable interest among the lovers of this national game, the players having last year played three keenly contested matches. On this occasion Walkinshaw was the favorite, and his friends offered 6 to 4 on the start. The game commenced at two o'clock, and some fine play was displayed, very critical shots being taken by both players. The game stood equal at 9, 16, and 23 shots, when Walkinshaw got away, and ultimately won by 11 shots—Walkinshaw 61, Kirkland 50. Out of the four matches between these players each have gained two games, Walkinshaw being two games ahead over all. Upwards of 600 people witnessed the game.

WALKINSHAW AND M'GREGOR OF SOUTH SHIELDS.—A match for £10 a side was played between these players on Monday, Aug. 12, in Glasgow, distance 21 yards. M'Gregor's party, notwithstanding Walkinshaw's success with Kirkland, were very confident, and bets were freely taken on the result. Walkinshaw kept the lead until 49, when M'Gregor made his first and only pass, scoring 51 against 49, and his friends became rather elated, and more money changed hands. Walkinshaw, however, steadily persevered, and ultimately won by 4 shots—Walkinshaw 61, M'Gregor 57. Both men played admirably.

QUOITS.—The first game between Burdon of Camden Town and Lloyd of Kentish Town, for £5 a side, came off on Monday evening July 29, at Camden Town, and ended in favor of Burdon by 15 chalks, he scoring 51 to Lloyd's 36.

THE TRIGGER.

HOLROYDE AND SMITH.—On Friday, Aug. 2, there was about 500 persons assembled at Newton Heath, to witness the match between Pierce Holroyde, of Mirfield, and a gentleman known by the name of Smith, of Manchester. The conditions of the match being, Holroyde to shoot with a single gun, 1¾oz of shot, 21 yards rise, and Smith to have a double gun, with 1⅛oz of shot, 19 yards rise, Holroyde staking £25 to £20. The betting commenced at 6 to 4 on Holroyde. Smith was the first to handle the "deadly tube," and he missed his first: he then killed three, missed one, killed one, missed two, killed the next eight, missed two more, killed one; missed the next three, and killed one—total killed, 14 out of 23; whilst Holroyde killed two, missed one; he then killed eight in succession, missed one, killed one, missed one, killed two, missed another, and then killed the next six—total, 18 out of 23. Score:—

Smith—0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 1
Total, 14 out of 23.
Holroyde—1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1
Total, 18 out of 23.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 293.

The opening problem of the late series in the Providence (R. I.) *Evening Press*, and respectfully dedicated to MIRON J. HAZELTINE, Esq.

BY FRANK H. THURBER.

at his R 5, Q 5, K Kt 5, Q B 6, K B 3, K R 6, K 5th.

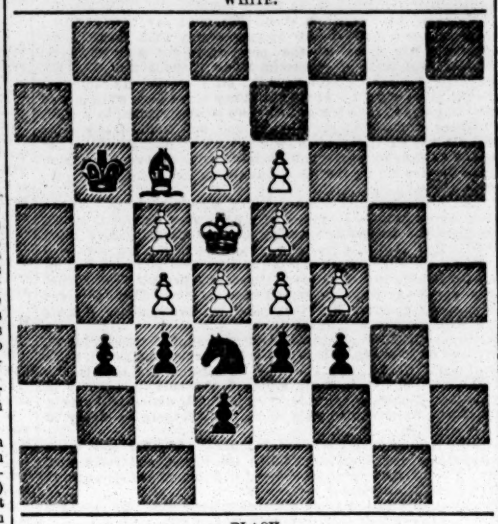
at his B 4, K R 2, Q 3, Q B 2d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 293.

BY P. RICHARDSON.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 293.

The second *partie* of the great match between Herren Kolisch and Andersson.—*Manchester Express.*

BRENCH DEFENCE.

Attack, Anderssen.	Defence, Kolisch.	Attack, Anderssen.	Defence, Kolisch.
1..P to K 4	P to K 3	24..Q B to his sq	Q to her 2
2..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	25..Q R×R+	Q R×R
3..K P×P	K P×P	26..Kt-K 3	B-Q R 4
4..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	27..P-Q R 3	Q Kt×Kt
5..K B-Q 3	K B-Q 3	28..Q B×Kt	B-Q Kt 3
6..Castles	Castles	29..B-K B 2	Q-her 4
7..P-K R 3	P-K R 3	30..K-his R 2	Q R-K 5
8..P-Q B 4	P-Q B 3	31..Q B-K 3	Q×B 2d P (c)
9..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-K 3	32..P-Q Kt 4	B-Q B 2
10..B P×P	B P×P	33..P-Q 5	R×K B P
11..Q B-K 3	Q Kt-B 3 (a)	34..Q×Q	R×Q dis+
12..Q-her 2	K R-K sq	35..K-Kt 2	R×Q P
13..Q R-K sq	Q Kt-K 2	36..B×Q R P	R-Kt 4+
14..K Kt-K 5	Q B-B 4	37..K-his B 2	R-K Kt 6
15..P-K B 4	Q R-B sq	38..R-Q sq	R×Q R P
16..P-K Kt 4	K Kt-K 5	39..B-his 5	P-Q Kt 3
17..Q-K Kt 2	K Kt×Kt	40..Q B-K 3	R-Q Kt 6
18..K Kt P×B	K Kt-K 5	41..K R-Q 4	K B, K 4
19..K B×Kt	Q P×B	42..R-Q 8+	K-his R 2
20..Q×K P (b)	P-K B 3	43..B×Kt P	R×Kt P
21..Kt-his 4	B-Q Kt 5	44..Q B-K 3	R-Kt 7+
22..Q R-K 2	Q Kt-Q 4	45..K R-Q 2	Q R×R
23..Q-her 3	K-R sq	46..Q B×R	K-Kt 3, and

Herr Kolisch wins.

(*a*) Strange to say that, after eleven moves on both sides, the position of both parties is precisely alike.

(*b*) The winning of this P is rather a questionable advantage, after all; as Herr A. thereby lays himself open to a severe and harrassing attack.

(*c*) The weakness of Herr A.'s game, owing to the detached position of his pawns, becomes now painfully discernible. The skillful manner in which Herr Kolisch invariably avails himself of such advantages, is here likewise strikingly apparent.

A brief battle at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," between our contributors P. Richardson and F. Eugene Brenzinger.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Richardson.	Brenzinger.	Richardson.	Brenzinger.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q×Kt P	Q R to Q sq
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	14..K R-K sq+	K-his B sq
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	15..Q B-R 3	P-Q B 3
4..P-Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	16..K P-K 7	Q×Q
5..P-Q B 3	K B-B 4	17..K R×Q	P-Q B 4
6..P-Q 4	K P×P	18..P-Q 7	K Kt-R 3
7..Castles	P-Q 3	19..Q Kt-Q 5	K Kt-B 4
8..B P×P	B-Q Kt 3	20..Q Kt×B	R P×Kt
9..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-Kt 5	21..K R×P	Q R×P
10..P-K 5	Q B×Kt	22..Q B×P+	K-home
11..Q×Q B	Q-her 2	23..Q R-K sq+	Q Kt-K 3
12..K P×P	Kt×Q 1st P	24..K R-Kt 8+	R covers, and

the Defence calls for lager and segars.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S. K, N. Y.—You resign in the match with O T. S? Are we correct?

P. RICHARDSON, New York.—O T. S. asserts that the position lately forwarded by you "can't be did." His analysis is as follows; he says:—

	Black.		White.
"Suppose 1..22	to	25	13 to 22
2..23		27	32 14
3..25		9; and where does the win come in?"	

We have not the position before us at the present writing—but will examine it before the next issue of the CLIPPER, and "report progress."

O. T. S, Williamsburgh, N. Y.—See our remarks to Mr. R., and accept our best thanks for the interest exhibited for the good of our department. We are *not* aware that the game appeared in that journal.

C. A. L, New York.—See remarks above.

BLYTHE.—Acceptance prefers to "finish as he begun," and sends his move.

GAME No. 22.—VOL. IX.

SINGLE CORNER.

BY OUBIS, OF BUFFALO.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	15	22	18	12..11	16	20	11
2..15	22	25	18	13.. 7	16	23	18
3.. 8	11	29	25	14..14	23	28	24
4.. 4	8	24	20	15..19	28	26	12
5..10	15	25	22	16.. 2	7	21	17
6..15	19	23	16	17.. 6	9	22	18
7..12	19	27	23	18.. 1	10*	17	13
8.. 8	12	23	16	19.. 1	6	30	26
9..12	19	31	27	20..10	14	18	15
10.. 9	14(a)	18	9	21..14	17	15	10
11.. 5	14	27	23		Drawn.		

(a) Variation from A. D. P. * 9 to 13 loses.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 21.—VOL. IX.

BY ROB ROY.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..17	14	9	18	3..19	15	12	19
2..27	23	18	27	4..15	29 and wins.		

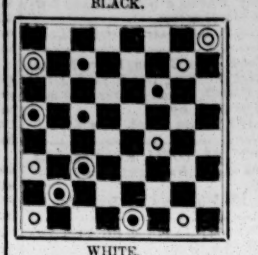
SOLUTION OF STURGES' 40th POSITION.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..28	24	20	16	2..24	8	17	14
						and wins.	

POSITION No. 22.—VOL. IX. THE 40th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY W. A. B.

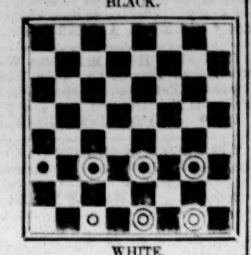
BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move—White to draw.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
7..7	10	22	17
8..4	8	27	23
9..2	7	23	16
10..11	20		

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S		White.—W. S. K.	
13..20	27	32	23
14.. 9	13	23	18
15.. 6	10	15	6
16.. 1	10		

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
5..12	16	25	22
6..10	15	21	17

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FORTY-THREE.

Jack Lancaster—His Fight with Adams the Butcher.

This scientific boxer, who had retired some time from the pursuits of the Prize Ring, suddenly again entered it, on Hayes Common, Middlesex, near Arlington Corner, on Wednesday, November 22, 1820. The above match was rather knocked up in a hurry, and the men had little more than a week allowed for training. Lancaster, well known in the Fancy as one of the prettiest fighters of his day, when he fought with Martin, the Jew, three hours and a half, and also in his contest with the celebrated scientific Eales, was backed as the favorite, although it was known his hands would go, and that no dependence could be placed upon him in this respect. Adams, a butcher, a smart active young man, who was defeated by Rasher, a short time since, in Essex, but whose qualifications were doubtful, was pitted against Lancaster, by the whole of the cutting-up tribe. The weather was enough to damp the ardor of any but the out-and-outers, but it did not prevent a tolerable muster of the amateurs at the above place. All the swell coachies and guards that were off duty were present, and supported Lancaster; the latter having filled the situation of a guard.

At half past one, Adams appeared in the ring, attended by Tom Shelton and Rasher, as his bottle-holder and second; and shortly afterwards, Lancaster, followed by Harry Harmer and Cy. Davis, made his appearance; the rain coming down in torrents. Martin (the Master of the Rolls) was appointed one of the umpires.

Round 1. The appearance of Lancaster, in point of condition, was by no means prepossessing, yet he certainly looked better than might have been expected, from the short time allowed him for training. Adams was strong, compact in himself, and well calculated to fight; he hit short, and got away. Lancaster told with his one two slightly; but, in closing, Adams received a little pepper, and, in going down, he was the undermost.

2. The science displayed by Lancaster was pretty; and he not only stopped in good style, but he sent Adams down on his latter end. Great applause, and 7 to 4 on Lancaster.

3. This was a good round. Adams made some feints, but he was nobbed, and also received a ribber. Adams again went down, and some hissing occurred. It was 2 to 1 now.

4. The nob of Lancaster showed some sharp punishment, and his left eye was cut, and bleeding from an old bruise. Adams went down. "It's all right, Lancaster."

5. Adams went down; but the spectators seemed to think not from a hit. [Disapprobation expressed.]

6. Lancaster stopped in fine style; but Adams again went down.

7. Adams put in a sharp nobber, that made the claret run down sharply, and he also got away. He pointed his finger at Lancaster, and laughed at him. The latter followed Adams, and, after a hit or two, the butcher went down. [Hissing.]

8. Two or three hits passed, but Adams was again down.

9. This was a tolerable round; and some fighting occurred. In closing, both down.

10. Similar to the last; but, in going down, Adams undermost.

11. The right hand of Lancaster was nearly gone; or at least so sore, that he could not use it with any effect. He now worked away with his left hand, and gave Adams two repeated jobbers on his mouth, that made him grin in "right earnest;" and when Lancaster was about to repeat it for the third time, down he dropped. [Loud hissing.]

12. Lancaster made two pretty stops, and also returned upon Adams in the wind. The latter, however, got down as soon as he could.

13. Adams was floored. Great applause; and "Lancaster, you can't lose it."

14. This was a good round, and some fighting occurred; but Adams seemed more fond of pointing and laughing at Lancaster, than ready to show fight. Indeed, he was nothing else but a shy cock. Both down.

15. In closing, after a struggle, they broke away from each other. Neither of them seemed to have any idea of the weaving system.

16. The blows of Lancaster were not effective. He hit Adams several times in the face, but no punishment appeared to follow the blows. Lancaster got him down, and was loudly applauded.

17. The left hand of Lancaster did some terrific execution, but he was hit down. Great approbation for Adams.

18 and 19. Lancaster was much distressed, and went down from some sharp hits.

20 to 28. The nob of Lancaster was the worse for the fight, but Adams did not stand up to meet him. Lancaster could not administer any punishment with his right hand, but he nevertheless displayed some fine science.

29. Adams went down quickly—[great disapprobation]—and Martin came up to Adams, and told him to recollect it was a stand-up fight, and if he again went down without a blow, the umpires would give it against him.

30. A sharp round. Good exchanges; but yet Adams did not show any punishment about his nob, although he was much distressed.

31 and last. This round occasioned a great deal of disturbance. It was urged by the partisans of Lancaster, and also his seconds, that Adams went down without a blow. "Foul, foul!" "Fair, fair!" were heard all over the ring; and the combatants sat upon the knees of their seconds for upwards of four minutes, when the umpires decided that Adams had forfeited all right to the stakes, in consequence of falling without a blow. This decision did not give general satisfaction; although it was urged, that Lancaster had won the battle in the ninth round. It occupied 45 minutes.

Lancaster, though a fine science boxer, was gone by as a fighting man. He could not punish, and his right hand went in the second round. If he had been as good as four years previous, he must have won it off hand. Adams had some good points about him; that is to say, he appeared active, and could scramble in under his opponent, and do some mischief; and if he could but get rid of his fears as to receiving, he might have obtained a better character as a pugilist. It seems to be quite a mistaken notion of several boxers, and also amateurs, that, if some blows have been exchanged in the round, a man, "if he likes it so best," may fall down. But the meaning of a stand-up fight is, according to the best judge in the ring, and from whose opinion, such is the importance of his decision, that, from the Duke to the costermonger, no dissentient voice is heard, "that if a man goes down without a blow, at any time during the fight, no matter whether blows have passed or not, he has lost it."

The money, after much wrangling, was given up to each of the combatants.

KIT CARSON, the veteran hunter and prairie guide, has raised a regiment of volunteers for the Union on his old stumping grounds in New Mexico. Bully for Kit.

BEATING A GHOST.

Paddy Andrews was put to the bar for nearly killing a ghost, which, however, turned out to be no ghost at all; but only a decent boy, who rejoices in the name of Micky Power. Paddy, it seems, is in the habit of getting blue every now and then, which means about every day in the week, and on each occasion he kicks up a row and breaks things, and then lies down to repose on his laurels. And Paddy has been doing all this for many a year past, until it has become so natural to him at last, that so sure as he happens to go to bed sober, so sure is he to get a headache, and thus as it may well be urged in his palliation, he is in a manner compelled to get drunk in self-defence. But notwithstanding that Mr. Andrews' system so evidently requires three or four glasses a day to keep it in order, his better half is continually scolding and lecturing him, in her endeavors to make him sober, even though it would be at the risk of undermining his constitution; but of course, Paddy knowing good men to be scarce, is up to a trick worth two of this, and still continued to go the whole figure, as well because he is used to it as for the benefit of his health. And this was the way Paddy was getting on, without a single thorn in his path but Molly's tongue, until one night, when he was most unceremoniously awakened out of an ambrosial snooze, by the appearance of the aforementioned terrible apparition, which very politely informed him that it came hot foot from a certain place, to carry him away to the devil.

"The in's and out's ov it was just this, your honor," commenced Paddy; "I was takin a sleep in me own room like any other dacint man, an shure I had every raisin to do that same, an me payin a dollar a week for the rint, whin all ov a sudden I hard somethin hittin me a punch in the ribs. 'Arrah, Molly, be aisy wid you,' sez I. 'I'm not Molly at all,' sez a voice; 'but the divil, an I want you to go along wid me to a place where you'll be able to light your pipe wid the end ov your little finger.' 'Arrah, whish'd wid you, an don't be wantin to friten the wits out ov a body,' sez I, 'for shure it's only a man you must be,' sez I. 'I'm not,' sez he, 'but a ghost, an I could ait a man at a bit,' sez he, 'if I only took it into me head,' sez he. 'The Lord pursarve us,' sez I; 'but it's now that I'm fixed intirely,' sez I. 'The divil a lie in that any way,' sez he; 'but you'll be fixed betther by-an-by whin I've stuck a fishing hook in your tongue, an hung you over a slow fire,' sez he. Well, your honor, wid that I thought the life id laive me; so I shut me eye an begun to thrimble all over, like a poor dog in a wet sack, whin sez the ghost, 'Paddy Andhrews, Paddy Andhrews, Paddy Andhrews, do you know what you are goin to be damned for?' 'I dunno,' sez I, 'for I go to mass every Sunday, and vote the dimycratic ticket.' 'That's not enough to save you,' sez he, 'for,' sez he, 'you are damned for gettin dhrunk an beatin your wife.' 'Why, sure,' sez I, 'didn't Saint Patbrick himself get dhrunk?' 'He did,' sez he, 'but thin a saint has a right to git dhrunk if he wishes,' sez he, 'an not all as wan as the likes ov such an omadhaun as you.' 'That's mighty quair,' sez I. 'Troth, an it is,' sez he, 'but it's the truth for all that, for he towld me so yisterday.' 'Who towld you so?' sez I. 'Saint Pathrick himself, av coorse,' sez he, 'for I met him walkin on a goolden cloud forninst wan ov the gates ov heaven.' 'Milia murther, thin,' sez I, 'if that's the case, it's all up wid me, an you must be the divil in airnist.' 'Faix an to be sure I am,' sez he, 'an to prove it, take that.' An that I mightn't sin, your honor, but the word was hardly out of his mouth, whin he begun to burn me face an hands wid somethin or other, until I thought, shure enough, that I was either in purgatory, or else, like yees protestants, had gone further and fared worse. Well, me dear, wid that I opened me eyes, and be the powers, there was the ghost wid a head on him as big as a barrel, and two great horns stickin out ov it, that might have frightened the Pope himsel. 'O, marcy! marcy! marcy! have marcy this time,' sez I, 'an I'll do everything you bid me from this out, an for ever,' sez I. 'Will you swear it?' sez he. 'I will,' sez I. 'Thin here's the book,' sez he, 'an you must either swear that you won't dhrink a dhrop of anything sthronger nor tay or coffee, but especially that you'll put nothing in the line of brandy, gin, rum, whiskey, wine, ale, beer, or porther into your head for a year an a day; or else I'll fly away wid you in a flash ov blue brimstone.' 'It's a bargain,' sez I, so I took the book an swore the oath, and kisbed it nine times over to show I was in airnist; but lo! an behowld you, whin that was all settled to his intire satisfaction, the rashkill ov a ghost, or a divil, as he said he was, threw away his white sheet, an took off his head, and then begun to set up a horse laugh at meself, and there be jabers, whin I looked again I found to me sorrow, that it was no ghost or divil at all, but only the gallows villain Micky Powers, who desarves to be hanged at laist, if not something worse, for playing such a thrick upon any dacint man, an makin it parjury for him to take the smallest dhrop ov anything to comfort him for twelve long months, an a day at the ind ov it."

"Well, but you didn't say anything about the beating, Paddy," observed his worship, who had more than once insulted the dignity of the bench, by laughing out right.

"No, in troth, your honor, for I thought you might have guessed all about that," replied Pat; "for shure, wasn't it enough to vex a saint out of glory to be thraited so. I confess that I gave him a real broth ov a mallavoging; an I know that your honor will give me credit for it."

"Well, but your honor, it was all de wife's fault," exclaimed Micky Power, the first wag of whose tongue proclaimed him to be a thorough-blooded "Dublin Jackeen." "'De devil's in dat man ov mine, Micky,' sez she. 'Faix an,' sez I, 'I'd like to be in him meself, for den I'd have plenty ov de true sort, and nottin to pay for it.' 'Dat's true enough,' sez she, 'but will you help me to play him a thrick, an I'll give you a shillin?' 'Be de hoky, I will in welkim,' sez I. So den she dresses meself in a sheet, wid a bandbox on me head, an a broomstick stuck through de middle for horns, an in I went accordin to instructions, an put Paddy through his facins, until we got de buck oath out ov him, an med him a sober man in spite ov himself. But, your worship, it's all gammon about him sayin so much, for he could hardly get a word out, coz his teeth went chatter, chatter, chatter, from de moment I towld him dat I was goin to hang him by de fish hook over de slow fire."

"They didn't, you gallows rashkill!" exclaimed Paddy, with a throat full of indignation.

"Be dis an be dat," returned Mick, "an den down he went on his marrow bones to me, an sed he'd give me all he had in de world if I wouldn't ait him."

"O conshumin to your sowl, Micky, but don't be afther sayin that ov me," vociferated poor Pat, who was now evidently ashamed of becoming a laughing stock.

"Well, if I don't aself, it's nottin but de trute for me; any way," responded Micky, "an also don't you remember whin you begun to confess your sins, and towld me about runnin away wid de tinker's wife from Munstreven?"

"*Ochone, ochone,*" sighed poor Paddy, "but shure I might betther have been run away wid the divil himself, than thraited in this manner."

"Never mind, Pat," remarked the bench, "for it has in all probability made a sober man of you."

"So much the worse, your honor," returned Paddy, "for I haven't even the comfort ov bein able to dhrown me sorrow in any thing that's worth dhrinkin."

And then Micky said something else—and then Paddy retorted—and then Mr. Andrews promised the ghost another beating—and then his worship dismissed the case, and then the belligerents went on their way as fast as their legs could carry them.

A NUT TO CRACK.

When *nuts* are but few, and they small and hollow,
A cold and wet harvest, there's no doubt, will follow;
But when they are plenty, and good, 'tis agreed,
A rich golden harvest is sure to succeed.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20-9m*
Troy, N. Y.....A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m*
Boston.....Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-3m*

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
SIXTH SEASON—GRAND RE-OPENING OF THE WOLD-RENOWNED BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5th, 1861. The Hall has been most beautifully
DECORATED, RE-PAINTED, NEW SCENERY, &c., &c.
The company this season will comprise the following popular artists:—
S. C. CAMPBELL, the favorite vocalist.

EPH HORN,	J. GARATUGA,	T. GETTINGS,
G. S. FOWLER,	FRANK LESLIE,	N. W. GOULD,
T. J. PEEL,	J. MORRISON,	J. H. SIVORI,
W. L. HOBBS,	J. W. HILTON,	

JAPANESE TOMMY and OLD DAN EMMETT,
Under the direction and management of
NEIL AND DAN BRYANT.
A new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, &c. For particulars see bills of the day. 17tf

BROADWAY MUSIC HALL,
483 & 485 BROADWAY. 483 & 485
One door below Broome Street.
OPEN EVERY EVENING,
WITH THE LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY EVER CONCENTRATED IN ANY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.
POWERFUL CONSTELLATION OF ATTRACTIONS!
CONTINUED SUCCESS OF
THE BROADWAY MINSTRELS.

BILLY BIRCH,		BEN COTTON,
	TONY PASTOR,	
J. A. HERMAN,		JOHN MULLIGAN,
	TIM NORTON,	
DAN HOLT,		JOHNNY PIERRE,

MISS CLARA WALTERS,
MLLE KATARINA, MISS KATE FRANCIS,
MISS IDA ROSS.
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE!
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE!
UNQUESTIONABLY THE LARGEST IN THE COUNTRY!
ADMISSION:
Dress Circle and Parquet....25 cts | Gallery.....18 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....35 cts. | Private Boxes.....$4 00
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
22 MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.
The cheapest and best place of amusement in New York!
FULL AND TALENTED COMPANY!
THE CELEBRATED ORRIN FAMILY.

CHARLEY WHITE.	L. SIMMONS.	W. QUINN,
HARRY LESLIE,	CHARLEY GARDENER,	
FRED. SHAW,		M. TURNER,

PAUL BRILLANT AND BALLET TROUPE,

MISS MINNIE JACKSON,	MISS EMILY LEMAIRE,	
MILLIE FLORA,	MARY BLAKE,	HATTIE ENGEL,

F. MONNEL, KATE HARRISON, ANNIE HARRISON,
E. FLORENCE, &c.
BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE CITY.
CHARLEY WHITE, Acting Manager.
21 GEORGE R. EDESON, Stage Manager.

THE GREAT CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, 585 BROADWAY.
GREAT ACCESSION OF TALENT.
Second week of
CHARLEY FOX. CHARLEY FOX,
the most talented Ethiopian Comedian in the country.
MONDAY NIGHT—First appearance of the celebrated
ASHTON & ROGERS TROUPE,
whose wonderful feats have earned for them a world-wide reputation
THE DARING L'ECHELLE FEAT
LEAP OF TWELVE FEET TO A SWINGING ROPE.
BURLESQUE ENCOUNTER—HEENAN AND SAYERS: OR THE BATTLE OF FARNBOROUGH.
THE GREAT HERNANDEZ AS TOM SAYERS.
Pantomime of the SOUTHERN REFUGEE.
NOTICE.—THE THREE CONTRABANDS from Fortress Monroe, having just arrived in New York, will shortly make their appearance at this house, due notice of which will be given.
EXTRA NOTICE.—In consequence of the great number of artists engaged at this establishment the doors will be open from this date at 7 o'clock. Performance commences at 7½ o'clock.
22 FOX & CURRAN, Proprietors.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON.
GRAND RE-OPENING, MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
Respectfully announce that they will commence their
FIFTH ANNUAL SEASON AS ABOVE
THE HOUSE HAS BEEN ENTIRELY REMODELED, ENLARGED, AND BEAUTIFIED; STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF SCENERY, TRAPS AND STAGE EFFECTS.
The company consists of the following talented artists:—

LON MORRIS,	E. BOWERS,	CARL TROUTMAN,
BILLY MORRIS,	E. KELLY,	AUGUST SCHNEIDER,
JOHNNY PELL,	R. SANDS,	J. P. ENDRES,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	ROLLIN HOWARD,	FRED HESS,
E. W. PRESCOTT,	J. C. REEVES,	D. J. MAGUINNIS.
J. S. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,	

Nothing will be be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors. [16] LON MORRIS, Manager.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE.
Stage Manager..MR. J. DOWLING. | Treasurer.....MR. HAND.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents. | Gallery.....25 Cents. 3-tf
Professionals should bear in mind that Mr. Maguire not only has the finest theatre in San Francisco, but that he also has under his direction the theatres of Sacramento and Marysville. The influence of these establishments inure to the benefit of all those who engage with Mr. Maguire.

THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL,
Late Green Street Theatre,
Albany, N. Y.
One of the cheapest places of amusement in the world!
IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS!
CONSTANTLY PRODUCED IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS!!
Admission 10, 15 and 25 cents.
21-5.* CAPT. J. B. SMITH, Proprietor.

CONCERT ROOM AGENCY.—Wanted, for city engagements, lady Vocalists, Danseuse Ethiopian performers, and Comic Singers. Address, enclosing $1 00 and Red Stamp, to 561 Broadway, near Prince street, in the Concert Saloon, New York.
12-tf J. CONNER

LITTLE ROCK THEATRE FOR RENT.—For Minstrels and Exhibitions of all kinds, until the 28th day of October, when the theatrical season commences, and continue until the 28th day of March, 1862. Persons wishing to engage the Theatre, for exhibitions, &c., or for the theatrical season, will please address
2-tf J. F. JAMES, Little Rock Theatre, Ark.

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Avenue
42-4me HARRY KEMBLE, President

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, meets every Monday evening. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue. [15 3m*] H. ROLPH, President.

BURTIS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN,
Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.
ISAAC BURTIS.....Proprietor
B. L. PACKARD.....Treasurer
W. BORDWELL.....Stage Manager
NEW FACES! NEW ACTS!! EVERYTHING NEW!!!
We still adhere to the old motto—
FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.
New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 21-tf

DOBSON BROS. NEW BANJO INSTRUCTOR—BY FIGURES.—This instructor has nothing to do with NOTES, BUT SIMPLY BY FIGURES, enabling a child to learn to play from it without the aid of a master. Price 50 cents. Dobson's Short Handle Banjo, Price $9. Country orders promptly attended to.
22 1t* CHARLES E. DOBSON & BRO., 68 Christopher street.

FUN! AND!! FROLIC!!!—BOOKS, CARDS, PRINTS, &c.—Books that will suit all classes. Rich, rare and racy. The most brilliant and interesting 25 and 50 cent Romances ever published, have just been received. Enclose stamp for catalogue. Address,
21tf WM. EVERETT, & Co., No. 15 Spruce st, New York City.

MISS HELEN WESTERN.—The versatile and accomplished star, "The beautiful Queen of Song and Dance," appears nightly in her *role* of new and attractive characters, at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, it being the third week of her engagement. All letters on business to be directed to WM. B. ENGLISH. 2*

BLAKE & LASCELLES' VARIETIES, STICKNEY HALL, Toledo, Ohio, now open as a first class Concert Saloon. Artists of acknowledged talent will be treated with on liberal terms by application as above. [21-2.*] BLAKE & LASCELLES, Proprietors.

AMERICAN HALL,
HARTFORD.
THIRD WEEK OF SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
Crowded every night, with the elite and fashion of the city. Pronounced by the press and public the best and most original troupe ever seen in this city. SAM SHARPLEY, Manager.
SIG. RAFFAELE ABECCO, Musical Director. 22-1t

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES of recognized ability, and an attractive Danseuse wishing engagements for the Fall and Winter Season will address the undersigned immediately, stating capabilities and lowest salary. Theatre to open about the 20th inst.
22-4t* MRS. H. A. PERRY, Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Mrs. John Wood, Ada Clifton, Laura Keene, Mrs. Hough, Ione Burke, Adah Isaacs Menken, Dan Bryant, Jerry Bryant, Galletti, Sallie Bishop, Sam Cowell, Heenan, Hyer, and others, price 25 cents each, and sent post-paid, by
22-1t* D. G. CUNNINGHAM, 122 Nassau street, New York.

THE MELODEON SUMMER GARDEN, ST. LOUIS, is now open for the Fall and Winter Season. Artists of acknowledged talent wishing engagements will please address,
21-2t* WM. BECHTNER, 136 5th street, St. Louis, Mo.

MISS ANNIE WAITE'S address, recently enquired for by a correspondent, is No. 48, Wall street, Boston, Mass.

☞ We have letters for Hanlon Brothers, Sam Ryan, Frank Beach, Chas. Dillon, Wm. Peak, R. E. J. Miles, James Young (Edinburgh letter), W. H. Bowditch, Miss Annie Levering, Mrs. Blaisdell.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Sept. 9, 1861.

"Sound the loud timbrels, exultingly sing"—the Union shall triumph, for Cotton's not king. No, indeed; time was when cotton swayed it, to a great extent, over the world, but the attempt to usurp greater power has laid the staple in the dust, while the Union towers high over all, growing mightier and stronger as the powers of the Federal government are brought to bear upon the rebel States. Last week we spoke of the revival in our amusements. This week we have no occasion to abate one jot of our enthusiasm, for our theatres and music halls have done equally well, if not better, during the past week. With the exception of Tuesday evening, the attendance has been very large at nearly every place, and on the evening referred to, a storm set in about opening time, and the people were unable to set out for their accustomed resorts. There's no use in talking, the North is sound on the Union question. The South has repudiated the star spangled banner, the Fourth of July, and their debts, but the North is more enthusiastic than ever, and discharges its obligations like honest men. Money is abundant, and nothing gives better evidence of the fact than the prosperity of our halls of amusement. A couple of our theatres are open, and it must be a consolation to everybody who has to write about the theatres, as well as to the patrons in general of those places, that the final preparations for the commencement of others are now nearly completed. Not only have there been the regular preliminary meetings of the merry folks in their respective green rooms, but rehearsals as well; and what is more, night rehearsals, where the effects of light and scenery have been tested in the presence of managers and actors, to lay no particular stress upon a select number of outsiders, "newspaper puffers," invited for the occasion, and from whom the expectations have been timely remarks of praise for a "set-piece," rich in paint and gilding, or a combination of reflected gas almost sufficient to blind you; and the repetition of the same remarks in print, with other honorable mention. On one side it has been amusing to witness the care taken in the "judicious" bestowal of these "cards of admission;" on the other, equally grievous to note the agony to which many a "critic" has put himself, all in the hope of getting a "card" and a peep. As an illustration of the former, we were passing a particular establishment devoted to our amusement, on the evening of the 5th inst., when the appearance of the place told us well enough what was going on inside. A night rehearsal was in progress. Our eyes and our ears informed us of that—illuminated sky borders appealing to the former; music, by distance mellowed, to the latter. Now, if there is anything we would desire not to see, even though required to do so by people we would be loth to offend, it is a night rehearsal in a theatre. A day one is bad enough, but nothing in comparison with the other. The reason is obvious to us. When you enter a theatre in the day time you expect to find it a vastly different place to what you have known it to be at night. All the lights are extinguished, the panels of the boxes covered, the actors and actresses are in their private habits, and in reciting what is set down for them in the book, do not treat you to any of the fine paroxysms you identify with them after sun down. The musicians loll carelessly in the orchestra, occasionally cracking the very worst of jokes; while the gas-man is seeing to his burners, the carpenters are sawing or hammering at the back of the stage; and the prompter, a "sage, grave," man, indeed, is correcting the blunders of imperfect performers. Everything near you is so antithetical to the night view as to reconcile people, in a measure, to this, the dull reverse of an exceedingly brilliant obverse. At night, however, such is not the case. The lighting up for the rehearsal, the setting of the scenery, the more decorous behavior of the musicians, the evident anxiety of the actors to be more correct in their text, and something near the reality of their assumptions—these signs, with the blank look in front (where none but the "invited guests" are assembled) impart a something very melancholy to the occasion. Sometimes, the actors will appear in their stage costume; but even then, it is impossible to bring a night rehearsal to anything nearer than a mockery of a night performance. Now, all that we have set down here, was passing through our brain, at the time we have mentioned, and, naturally we think, only caused us to pity the condition of the poor wretches who were striving to impress upon the minds of obdurate door keepers, their (the said poor wretches') "right of way." One gentleman was (he said) connected with a daily which gave the "best possible notices of the theatre" then all lighted up. Another "did" the critical for a Sunday sheet; a third was a sort of "our foreign correspondent;" while a fourth seemed about to clinch the argument, by stating that he was "both a critic and a dramatist"—further, that he had written pieces for the place he then desired to enter, and that, "of course," he was to be admitted, on "special occasions," "behind the scenes," as he was on *all* occasions, to the boxes or parquet. Not a single applicant out of this distressed crowd, so far as we ascertained, made his title good; and in consequence, we may venture to guess that considerable of grumbling occurred; while the anticipation is allowable, that more will make its appearance in print. The future offers a brighter and more agreeable picture, and, we trust, a better frame of mind to all parties. As for our friends, the professionals, it may be inferred that they will possibly get along without any vexatious bickerings; while as regards the critical gentry, all we can say to them is, "keep your eye on your business, brothers." Write the truth of everybody, throw gossip to the dogs, and have a better estimate of yourselves and your positions, than to solicit either sitting or standing room behind the scenes, to witness a day or a night rehearsal. Meanwhile, let us all wait the publication of those humerous documents (a portion of our current literature)—we allude to the play bills; the playing of the music, the ringing up of the curtain, and the Act 1, Scene 1, of the season now at hand.

Wonder if Jeff. Davis is dead! One day he has come to grief, and the next we find him resurrected. There wouldn't be any deep damnation about his taking off, that's certain. Every concert hall has "sung his praises"—all but the praises—and the "boys" were in great glee when Jeff's decease was "confirmed," and "re-affirmed;" but it requires "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ" before confidence in the report of his death can become general. But we are now prepared for anything—his life or death. But we are getting off the track—we intended to say that Jeff's reported death helped along business at the concert halls amazingly. Broadway Music Hall (late Wallack's theatre) showed a decided improvement last week, the class of patrons here being more quiet than can be found at some of the other places. A very clever minstrel company is now attached to this establishment, and two of the best end men in this country have "sich" in it—these are Billy Birch and Ben Cotton. Did you ever hear Billy's great conundrum? "Oh! it's pison"—you ought to hear it. It's something in this style:—"Why is a young man who has left his parents for the benefit of his health—who goes on a voyage of discovery, and is ship-wrecked on a desolate island, where he has no companions to cheer his lonely hours but the residents of the place, and who escapes from the cannibals in a balloon, after he has spent forty years in the hope of bettering the condition of the Fegee mermaids, and is tossed upon the briny ocean—" now we're stuck; we thought we could remember the question, but really, reader, it's extravagant length and breadth has got us where our hair's short; but just you go and hear *birch* tell it. Ben Cotton, too, has a fine specimen of conundrums. The party is really excellent, and includes, among others, Herman, the ballad singer, not the wizard. A Zouave drill by the female portion of the company was on last week giving the damsels a chance to travel on their shape, and show off the peculiarities of their "well rounded" limbs. There's nothing pleases the boys so well as the girls, especially when they're attired in dresses short at both ends. Old fellers and young fellers are equally delighted, and the gals know how to increase their admiration—we know how they do it, but we say nothing. We don't blab. Go see them drill, and judge of the blandishments of ye lovely maidens at the Broadway.

Adah Isaacs Menken arrived in New York on the 2d, but received a telegraph from Pittsburgh on Friday, and on that evening left for the Smoky City, to commence the new season at the theatre there. Her proposed trip to California has, for the present at least, fallen through; the parties of the first and second parts not being able to agree upon the amount of "equity." So she tarries with us awhile longer. She opens in Pittsburgh this evening, in a new piece written for her, called the "Iron City." This will be followed by the "Angel of Midnight" and the "Patriot's Dream." She will probably be followed by Mr. Couldock. We notice that the papers locate her in St. John, N. B. She has not been there.

There is no doubt that J. S. Clarke made money by his performances at the Winter Garden. The house was largely attended all through the past week, and on one or two occasions the theatre was crowded. His Toodles had a glorious run. His drunken scene, for life-like characterization, beats Burton's. A gentleman with a red nose who sat next to us on Thursday evening, said that Clarke did the drunken business so natural he thought he must have "graduated." Our neighbor gave evidence that he had graduated, whether the comedian had or not. A few words to Mr Clarke; you sustain the interest very naturally until near the conclusion, and here, we think, "the drunk" is rather overdone; soften it down a little at this point, Brother Clarke, and it will look better to the spectator. The "same old drunk," you know, is all well enough in its way, but a little tapering off at the end won't set you back any. Mind, there's a good many judges of drunkenness in New York, and a good many witnessed your "bender." See here, don't think that we have had any experience in such matters; not a bit of it. We get our "pints" from parties who are "well up" in that business, however. All right among friends, eh, Clarkey? The engagement of this gentleman terminated on Saturday evening, Sept. 7th. Mrs. Wood and her extravaganzas follow, opening on the 9th. Efforts are being made to give Davenport a favorable reception. We shall be present on the occasion to take notes of his Union speech, should he make one.

Mr. Sothern arrived in the city last week. It is not definitely settled, as yet, that he shall visit England, as stated in some of the papers. It is an open question. In the meantime, it is probable that Mr. S. may play engagements in Philadelphia and Boston.

Professor Anderson is here, but we are not aware that he has yet taken Niblo's, as reported. Brother Stewart requires big rents, and big securities, and it is not every one that is willing to risk much on the "Garden." Anderson, in Scottish rig, was present at the Scottish festival, on the 5th inst.

Lindenmuller, the gentleman who was tried some time since for giving theatrical exhibitions in the presence of his "Sabbath congregation," is now giving free entertainments at his establishment in the Bowery. Rhody Maguire, the balancer, and Ethiopian delineator, is at present performing there. Lindenmuller does the ballancing on pay day, and then ballances accounts with Rhody.

Nixon's Circus commenced operations, under a capacious and well arranged canvas, at Palace Garden on the 2d inst., and a large attendance was the result. The show is not first class, that is, judging by Monday evening's performance. A novelty of the exhibition, however, and one that will contribute to its success, is the introduction of a herd of buffaloes, driven in harness. One of them, "Jim," was a little unruly on the first night, but the others behaved themselves very well in company, and will do still better as they become more accustomed to the glare of gas light, and the "promiscuous crowd" usually to be found at circuses. A very pretty act was performed by Signor Zoyara and a little girl—his pupil—on one horse. Every position was a picture, and both master and pupil were deservedly applauded. It might be well to state, in this connection, that the Signor Zoyara referred to is the identical Ella Zoyara, who performed at Niblo's, with Nixon's Royal Circus, a season or two ago, and about whose gender there was so much talk. Those who saw Ella in petticoats, can now have an opportunity to see him in manly habiliments. They are one and the same, beyond all question. We must say, however, that Zoyara makes a much better looking woman than man. A Mr. Armstrong was down on the programme for a "wonderful stilt act," but the most wonderful thing about it was, that Mr. Armstrong did not perform upon the stilts at all. He came into the ring, stilts in hand, and fastened them to his feet, while seated upon the ground. In a few moments we were surprised to see Mr. Armstrong remove the stilts, as he sat, and immediately after make his way out of the arena, without a word of explanation; nor was any explanation made on his behalf during the evening. Eaton Stone appeared during the week, but not on the evening when we were present.

Bryants' Minstrels did another heavy week's business. On one or two evenings quite a number of people were unable to obtain admittance, the hall being crowded in every part, standing room and all. Eph Horn and Dan Bryant are getting along very well together, and Neil Bryant has much improved since he first introduced himself to our notice in "speaking parts." The cornet solo player is a good performer, and executes some difficult passages in a masterly manner. His "tongueing" is cleverly done. Gould's guitar solos are also well handled.

Hermann, the hesto presto dig a tatur man, is "around," here, there, and everywhere. He is said to be an expert magician, and a liberal man. Of one thing you may be certain, and that is, his opening night at the Academy will test the holding capacity of that house. Tickets are already being profusely distributed among all classes. There will be a big house, but will there be money in it? We hope so.

The Old Bowery is still without a tenant. An offer was made for it, but the "receiver" didn't like the terms, and refused to treat. The old place needs a good deal of fixing up and renovating, before it can be considered tenantable.

The National is in the same state of uncertainty. We are not aware that the "receiver of this property gets even a nibble.

"444" Broadway is one of the institutions where the sunshine of public favor enables people to make "hay." During the whole of last week there was a flush set in towards the lucky number, and no doubt the same will have to be said of the present, when matters of our every day life, as well as the special courses of our most intense interests are "looking up."

J. Conner, the theatrical agent of this city, has just engaged an excellent company for the Green Street Concert Hall, Albany, of which Capt. John Smith is the able president. The company consists of W. B. Cavanagh, Tom Riggs, Tom Brookfield, Dan Holt, J. N. Carr, J. Clusky, and the Misses Sally Mason and Emma Winthrop.

Everybody almost is now running to Canterbury Hall, to see Charley Fox and the other wonders of the place. They are very numerous, and what is more, are constantly receiving additions, so as to justify the proprietors in calling their institution "great," which, we perceive, they have commenced to do. To night, the Ashton & Rogers' Troupe of Gymnasts make their first appearance here, and display on the swinging rope, as well as at feats of leaping, not to forget their L'Echelle performance. Another "big thing" will be the burlesque encounter between Heenan and Sayers, produced under the immediate supervision of Hernandez, who will personate the gallant little Tom. These attractions, with the "Southern Refugee," and others we have not space to mention, will surely fill the Canterbury to completeness.

Our departed friend, Dion Bourcicault, still continues his recruiting on this side. He finds better talent here than can be had in England, and what is better, he offers, and pays, the best of salaries. His latest engagements here, are Mr. Delmon Grace, late of the Museum, and Mr. George Jamison; the former to represent Salem Scudder, and the latter Old Pete. These gentlemen have taken passage on the steamship City of Baltimore, which leaves this port for Liverpool on the 14th inst. My "gay and galliant" Consuelo, "adoo;" Grace, me boy, farewell. "May good digestion wait on appetite," and health attend you both.

George Christy's business at Sonyvesant Institute has much improved within the last week. On the 4th inst., we toed the scratch, in the presence of about 300 persons, for the hall is quite small, you know. George's company is only mediocre, and George himself is now but a secondary feature in the entertainment, at least such was decidedly the case on the evening of our visit. Herman, the ballad singer, has left, and Mr. Stratton takes his place; while Charley Fox's seat on the end is now filled by W. Arlington, who takes very well indeed, his banjo eccentricities being vociferously applauded. Master Leon, wench dancer, does not improve—his movements are ungraceful, stiff, and unartistic. His singing is better, but he needs considerable training before he can expect to become a favorite. On the whole, the show was not what we should look for from such a performer as George Christy once was. In the troupe are two little fellows, one of whom performs on the banjo, while the other jigs it. For such small lads, they are quite clever.

Talking about small things, did you ever notice how small the glasses are in which lager beer is dished up at some of our concert saloons? Well, they're the cunningest little things you ever saw, and cannot fail to impress you with the deep interest the proprietors of such saloons take in the comfort of their patrons. The contents of one of these thimbles can do you no harm, and therein lies the secret of the solicitude of the manager. It's a praiseworthy precaution on their part, for a keg of lager will go a great deal farther when doled out in these homœopathic doses than when dished up in those abominable pint mugs so common in Dutch houses. Give us the thimbles. Another precautionary measure taken in connection with these little things is, that while in the Dutch holes you can get the large mugs for four cents, those delicate little things are never served up under sixpence. Some people—they must be swilling Dutchmen—growl at this; but they don't consider that our managers are acting for their own good. But no reform was ever attempted that did not meet with opposition at first.

The old Bowery looks hard. Closed are its doors, dingy its walls, and desolate and cheerless its surroundings. John S. Giles, the Receiver, (of what?) advertises it to be let, but thus far the "indefatigables" fail to bite. A few nibbles have been had, but the Receiver is still at his post, showing that the nibbles didn't hold good. Who can be found to give vitality to the old place, the spot where Hamblin shone, in days long past and gone?

Mr. Wallack has neglected to make a "declaration of his intentions" although it is most probable he will throw open the doors of his new theatre about the 19th or 20th inst. We must confess that we have some curiosity to take a full peep at this place, of which one of our dailies records the best of things, saying that there is nothing like it in London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. This is great praise, and we trust it may be true; also that the officials in the front of Mr. Wallack's house may be a little more "urbane and courteous" than their fellows of the capitals referred to.

In the absence of all formal advertisements, it is supposed that Laura Keene will commence her season on the 16th inst. The opening piece has been named—"The Seven Sons;" and the rumor is current that the novelty, like its "Sisters" of the past term, will be replete with glitter and scenic effects. Whether it makes the impression the former did, remains to be proved. Among Miss Keene's company, we find the names of the lessee herself, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Mrs. Lotty Hough, Miss Sara Stevens, Mrs. Chanfrau, Mrs. Marlowe, Mrs. Dillon, Miss Burke, Miss Francis, Miss Everett, Mr. Barrett, Mr. H. T. Daly, Mr. Levick, Mr. Peters, Mr. Dillon, Mr. G. H. Stoddart, Mr. Marlowe, Mr. Goodrich, Mr. Billy, and Mr. Richardson.

The "Battle of Bull Run," or, "The Sacking of Fairfax Court House," continued to have a bully run at the New Bowery last week, crowded houses and patriotic enthusiasm being the result of each night's performance. Indeed, were a stranger to estimate the secession proclivities of New Yorkers by the manifestations at the New Bowery, they would write it down as the most loyal city in the Union, and one where secessionism was unknown, and in regard to the terrible suffering and poverty said to exist among the inhabitants, the crowded state of the house each night would seem to evince something quite the contrary. The piece is well placed upon the stage, and all its merits are fully done justice to. The part taken by the drum corps of the 8th regiment in the drama, is not the least attractive feature of the play. We were present on Friday evening last—always a bad night for business—and found the house crowded.

On the afternoon of last Friday, the 5th inst., we were passing along Broadway, and when within a few yards of Trinity Church, saw a hearse and three carriages before the principal entrance. We also saw some persons enter the church, as though to join the funeral party within, and recognised among the former, about half a dozen familiars of the boards. We became at once interested, and anxious to know who had died. Not one of the "craft," surely—at least, we had heard of none. We soon stood in the sacred edifice, wherein the funeral service was in the act of performance. Beside ourself there might have been a hundred and fifty present, counting the friends and survivors of the departed, whose remains, in a mahogany case, silver mounted, and with a wreath of *immortelles* on the lid, were on tressles before the altar. Anxiously scanning the faces of the party in black, as though for some guide as to who and what the dead had been, our ignorance in that respect was soon dispelled. We recognised, in the father, the sisters, and the young brothers of the departed, people with whom we had long been acquainted; and then we knew who it was on his way to his final resting place—Arthur Castle, son of Dr. Castle, of this city, known as an officer in one of the regiments of N. Y. S. Militia, a physician, and a writer. We could not help thinking at the time, that some extended note of the circumstance would be acceptable to the readers of these columns, as young Castle was well known to the play-goers of the city; and, in fact, when John Brougham held the Lyceum (since Wallack's) was a sort of supplementary fixture of the establishment. Doubtless, many who take up this sheet will be able to recall the vestibule of Brougham's to their memory, as it was ten or eleven years ago, and when, by the side of the really courteous official who then did duty at the box door, a bright handsome lad was often to be seen, at intervals, handing bouquets to the visitors. He was no hireling in this; each floral offering had been purchased by the boy himself, out of his own funds, and sheer good nature had prompted the presentation. Some years afterward, young Castle was put to mercantile life, and for a long time we lost track of him—until, indeed, we accidentally witnessed his obsequies in Trinity Church on Friday last.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Burtis' Varieties continue to perform in Brooklyn, to their own pecuniary advantage and the satisfaction of the lovers of a rational and genial entertainment, mingling music and other "sweets." Since returning from their tour on Long Island, they have done their best to please, and have maintained the best of order, so as to come within the approval of people who generally are averse to such pieces. A visit to the Varieties will substantiate what we say.

At the Continental Opera House, Baltimore, of which Geo. T. Sheldon is lessee and manager, the "Three Fast Women," written by him, is on the boards, and takes the b'hoys and their money. A great source of comfort has been introduced into the house, in the shape of softly cushioned revolving chairs. Revolvers and lager for two.

Farr & Thompson's Minstrels performed at Newark, N. J., on the 6th and 7th inst. They report business as fully up to their expectations.

The following is a list of the performers engaged at Esher's Bowery Concert Hall, in St. Louis:—Mlle. Leonora, danseuse; Miss Julia Hamilton, danseuse; Victoria Howard, prima donna; Kate Walters, Yankee comedienne and danseuse; Julia Edwards, comic vocalist; Nettie Craft, balladist; Messrs. Jim Riley, Irish comedian and buffo vocalist; John Corcoran, banjoist and violinist; John Bernard, solo violinist; Tom Allen, violincellist and vocalist; Prof. Shultz, cornet and basso; Harry Thompson, tenor and comedian; Matt Thompson, general performer; Paul Kraft, pianist; Aleck Ross, jig dancer, and Bob Edwards.

The Gale sisters concluded their engagement at McVicker's Theatre, on the 31st. They wound up the performances with a double Irish jig. The drama of Louise de Lignerolles was produced on the 2d inst., at which time, also, Miss Jennie Hight, danseuse, appeared.

J. C. Kelly's Dramatic Company was still performing in Canada. H. W. Gossin had joined the company. They were at Bowmansville, Canada West, at last accounts. "God save the Queen"

Sam Cowell and family arrived in Liverpool, on the 15th ult, per the Great Eastern.

Edwin Booth and lady reached Liverpool, on the 18th, in the Arabia.

Geo. Kunkle has re-organized the old Nightingale Opera Troupe, and opened at the Museum, Baltimore. Harry Lehr, Thos. L. Floyd, Nelson Seymour, G. W. Charles, J. B. Donniker, Johnny Boyd, W. H. Lewis, R. S. Colton, W. Clinton, and Geo. Kunkle compose the company, to which a brass band is attached. After leaving Baltimore, the troupe will travel north.

Our Denver City correspondent's latest epistle is to the 19th ult. He says:—"Since my last communication, the 'Apollo Theatre,' at this place was opened by a theatrical company, but owing to the chilliness of the times, it failed to attract remunerative audiences, and was obliged to close on the fourth night.....Gus Shaw and party have left, to seek their fortune elsewhere.....I see by an article in the *Rocky Mountain News*, of this place, that my last communication to the CLIPPER has given umbrage to some persons calling themselves by the formidable title of the 'Platte Valley Theatrical Company.' I beg these gentlemen's pardon for any neglect towards them, but on the date of my letter, nothing existed of their edifice but four foundation timbers laid in the outskirts of the town, and at the present time it is unplastered and destitute of scenery. I know nothing of the proprietors, further than that they are outside speculators, persons with no experience in theatrical matters, and who will find theatrical management a widely different affair from what they have imagined. In regard to matters in this vicinity, you will readily know whether to place most reliance on the judgment of these sanguine gentlemen, or on that of one who has passed half a lifetime in the practical duties of the profession."

At the Melodeon Music Hall, Baltimore, Miss Leida White, the jig danseuse, nightly sings the song of "Gay and Happy." Miss Rosa Duvall has recently been added to the company.

Tom Frazier, recently connected with the Continental, Baltimore, has quit piping his dulcet notes for the gratification of the public.

Gardiner and Hemmings' circus appeared at Schuylkill Haven, Pa., on the 7th inst., and open at Allentown, Pa., on the 9th and 10th inst. At Frenchtown, N. J., they show on the 11th inst.

Defiance Theatre is the very appropriate title of a building recently erected at Cairo, Ill., for theatrical purposes. A correspondent located there, gives us the following information concerning the place. His letter bears date, Sept. 2—DEAR CLIPPER.—At the present time, when St. Louis can scarcely boast of a single successful place of amusement, our comparatively small city of Cairo has several in full blast. It would appear that they are not deemed enough to satisfy the demand of pleasure seekers, and that it would require a new theatre to change "our stern alarums" into a sufficiency of "merry meetings." Acting upon this idea, two enterprising gentlemen, Messrs. Williamson and Wood, have at considerable expense erected a handsome and commodious building, capable of accommodating from five to six hundred persons. After many delays consequent upon the opening of a new establishment, the event came off on Saturday last to a house crowded in every part with the *elite* of the army and citizens. It would not be fair to criticise the first performance too closely, particularly as with few exceptions, the names on the bill of fare are at present unknown; but it is to be hoped the managers do not intend to follow up the pernicious star system of engaging one good actor or actress, and the balance composed of mediocrity. The drama selected was "Don Cæsar de Bazan; the parts of Don Cæsar and Maritana were sustained by Herbert Purdy and Florence Bell. Previous to the play, the "Star Spangled Banner" was very effectively sung by the whole of the company. The entertainment concluded with the sprightly farce of "Perfection." *En passant*, a word of advice may not be out of place to the lady who played Susan, to say nothing of the ridiculous costume (more fitted for a national *tableau vivant* than a lady's English waiting woman.) All rules of good taste were outraged by her addressing the audience in the familiar manner of the Negro melodists. Such conduct is never tolerated in regular theatres. The orchestral accompaniments were none of the fullest, being composed of a solitary fiddle, the performer on which should be induced either to turn to the vocalist, or the vocalist to the fiddler. Mons. Nauvo, the musical director, should remedy this. Next week I will send you a detailed account of the week's proceedings, and as additions to the present members are expected, I will delay sending a list of the company until complete, when it is to be hoped something favorable may happen worth recording. *Nous verrons.*
D. P.

Charley Dupont and Low Gaylord's Campbell's Minstrels, were still in Washington last week. Their efforts have been attended with success, so far.

During the past week, Miss Helen Western did a fair business at the Holliday street, Baltimore, the young lady's beauty and the "Three Fast Women" being quite attractive to the young men.

Madigan's Zoological Show and Circus will exhibit at Montpelier, Vermont, on the 5th.

Mr. Eddie will commence an engagement at the Gaieties, Albany, on the 23d inst.

On or about the 28th inst., Mr. Chanfrau will open at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.

Lent's National Circus will exhibit at Laconia, N. H., on the 16th; Grafton, 17th; Lebanon, 18th; and Cornish Bridge, 19th. In this troupe are the Stickney Family, Tom King, W. Ducrow, the Roman Brothers, Joe Pentland, Chas. Rivers, H. Forrest, J. Renshaw, R. Hernandez, James Paulding, Sig. Gonzales, and Mlle. Virginia.

Dan Rice's Rhinoceros was drowned, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The La Crosse *Democrat* has been imposing upon its readers, by publishing a story that the animal was alive, and that parties had gone in search of it; that it had been committing ravages in corn fields, etc; and in a recent number it stated distinctly that the rhinoceros was captured, and that a reward had been paid for its capture. The whole story of the beast being alive is a bare faced hoax. A gentleman (Mr. A. S. Pennoyer) called upon us on the 6th inst., and stated that he assisted in hauling the dead carcase of the rhinoceros out of the cage; that it emitted a horrible stench, and was swollen and bloated to an almost incredible degree. What motive the La Crosse *Democrat* can have had in misleading its readers, we are at a loss to conceive. We know that Dan Rice is up to such dodges, but an editor of a newspaper is supposed to have some respect for his patrons, be his own reputation good or bad.

The Harvest Festival and Exhibition, given at Cincinnati, seems to have been a failure. Our correspondent "Veritas," under date of Sept. 5, says: "The great event that was to be, of the week here, has proved a most miserable failure. I refer to the ostentatiously placarded

arrayed in "costumes befitting the classic scenes to be represented," were most wretched y attired, and still more wretchedly instructed They bungled *on* the stage—bungled *while* on, and then bungled *off* Some of the *tableaux* were good, nothing more. One or two bright spots were allowed to relieve the entire dolorousness of the evening The singing of Miss Henne, and the recitation of a descriptive poem by a "young lady"—who proved to be a mere child—together with the instrumentation of Strobel's and Menter's bands, were really gems. Outside of these all were tiresome waits and successive blunders. Of course the two following nights' affairs went somewhat more smoothly, but the first night's mistakes damned the whole business. We are not wont to indulge in strictures on our "amusement makers," but such miserable attempts as this Harvest Home affair, deserve only the severest condemnation.....The Palace Garden is still attracting paying audiences, and the performances evidently give entire satisfaction to its patrons. J. M. Fish, one of the company, has been tendered a complimentary benefit, to come off on Saturday of this week. Hosts of volunteers are offering their services for the occasion, as Joe is popular among all professionals .....W. H. Griffin, jig dancer, late of the Columbus Apollo Hall company, arrived in town last night. He is not open for an engagement at present.....A grand prize jig match is talked of between Griffin and Johnny Thompson, of Palace Garden.....A letter from St. Louis, received to-day, says the Concert Halls there are doing a good business."

Grim visaged war, in its attendant train of officers, seems to have proved a Godsend to the various cheaper places of amusement in St. Louis. Our correspondent "Seneca," of date September 4, says: "Canterbury Hall is still, *par excellence, the* place. George Deegle has, by his judicious management, ridden through the storm which swamped other like enterprises, and with his present excellent company, is doing a very good business.....The Melodeon Summer Garden is open at the low price of ten cents; Bowery Concert Hall, and the Galeties the same; all doing a fair share of business .....The St. Louis Theatre is to open soon with an almost entire new company, whose material I will make a note of soon. Ben De Bar of course hopes to make money, and *may*, with military business; but if he depended on our resident population, he would soon come to grief; for verily, we are sorely afflicted here in St. Louis, and our people fly from the coming wrath, with only a hope to save their lives and liberty, and not able to leave the city without a pass."

A deplorable accident occurred about a month since, at one of the theatres in Milan Italy. Mlle. Karsch, belonging to a French company performing in the above city, was personating the part of a bride in some piece, when the long white veil, descending from her head caught fire. She was in a blaze in one instant, and though her companions of the scene surrounded and rolled her on the stage, she escaped from them, and rushed out of the house. She was subsequently secured, and conveyed to a hospital, in a plight that defies description, though still alive.

The comedy of "Money" was recently performed at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., with the following cast, of which it may be remarked, after the old fashion, "that, under the circumstances nothing could be better:" Mrs Julia Deane Hayne as Clara Douglass; Miss Buchanan, as Georgina Vesey; Mrs. Judah, as Lady Franklin; Mr. Stark, as Evelyn; Buchanan, as Dudley Smooth; Wheatleigh, as Sir Frederick Blount; and John Wood, as Mr. Graves.

We are requested to state that the Stuart Robson, mentioned in our columns as being connected with Nathans & Co.'s Circus, is not Stuart Robson, comedian.

Whiston, the Humorist, is still in Canada, performing with the Mac Evoy Troupe. On the 5th, at St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, Mr. Whiston was down for a Yankee Fourth of July Oration. He was in some doubt whether it would be received favorably or not; but he went it, and it was applauded throughout, especially the passage, "The Union—shall it be dissoluted? No sir-ree!"

From Australia, we have the following items of theatrical and musical news, down to the 25th of June:—Lyster's Operatic Company, at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, had been reinforced by Signor and Signora Bianchi, and "Lucrezia Borgia" had been produced with extraordinary appliances, and Madame Escott as the heroine, in which, it is stated, she made a powerful impression.... At the Princess, melo drama of the most vivid kind, and extravaganza of the widest limit, had ruled for some time; Miss Rosa Dunn, Miss Julia Mathews, and Messrs. Edwards, Fawcett and Stuart being chief among the favorites .....Cremorne had been closed for the season; and the Prince of Wales was open for equestrian performances.....Sir William and Lady Don had completed a lengthened engagement at Sydney, and were about to take a professional tour of the golden fields, in the hope, no doubt, of picking up some of the "dust".....It seems to be the opinion of the Australian press that an excellent opportunity presents itself for dramatic, musical or show talent in the colony, from which the greater part of professional ability has been drafted. At the same time, a delicate insinuation is thrown out respecting the correct judgment of the audiences in that quarter of the world. As an indication of the popularity of the drama in Australia, it is stated, that, though the population of Victoria is not more than one-seventh of that of the British metropolis, the former place supports half as many theatres as are to be found in London.....Mr. Coppin had taken a farewell of the Melbourne stage. The performances were ostensibly for the benefit of the Dramatic College, with the understanding that a portion of the receipts should be devoted to the establishment of a Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum.

The Female Blondin fully accomplished the task of crossing the Thames in London, on the 19th ult., and repeated the performance on the 22d. She was also "up" for a third crossing on the 26th.

Mr. Charles Dillon made his final appearance at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 4th inst., prior to his departure for California and Australia.

D'Alberte gave a rope-walking exhibition, near Matlock, Eng., on the 20th ult., in the presence of more than 50 000 persons. His intention had been to operate at some other place, but the authorities there, enemies to "vaulting ambition," had objected.

Mr. John Drew terminated an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, Eng., a short time since. He was announced to appear at the opening of the Dublin Theatre on the 19th ult.

Miss Eliza Webb, actress and vocalist, from ever so many places in London, commenced an engagement for six nights, at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 2d inst. A Mr. John Chester, also a London luminary, had been engaged for a brief term.

A Boston paper announces that Prof. Agassiz is about to make "a palaeontological reconnoissance of the fossiliferous deposits of the island of Anti Costi." This is certainly an anti-costive way of putting it. We wish the Professor a pleasant journey, simply expressing the hope that his absence will not be so long by half as the words which announce his departure; and the wonder that he will wander, instead of staying at home to make "a reconnoisance" of the rich "fossiliferous deposits" of "palaeontological Boston.

O'Harra's Dramatic Troupe and Brass Band opened at Newark, New York, on Thursday, August 29th, with "Nick of the Woods," and "Perfection." They were at Palmyra on the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th, and opened in Oswego on the 7th inst., where they remain a week; thence to Watertown, where they will remain a fortnight, during the State Fair.

Levi North, with his circus, was in Montreal the early part of last week, and from there intended to work his way by land to Quebec, and finish an entire season in the Canadas. During their travels they have made a living in Canada, and therefore thought it advisable to finish the season there, rather than risk chances, under present circumstances, in the States.

The Rocky Mountain Wonder had returned to London after a successful tour through the English provincial towns. On the 26th of August they were to start for Germany. Messrs. Murray and Holland, American acrobats, had joined them.

Miss Maggie Mitchell opens at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, on the 9th; to be followed by J. S. Clarke, Jane Coombs, and others.

Blake & Lascelle's Varieties, at Stickney Hall, Toledo, Ohio, is now in its fifth week, and bids fair to become a permanent institution of that city. The company comprises O. W. Blake, Chas. Lascelle, J. Cole, W. J. Mack, J. W. Creag, John Herbert Dougherty, and Prof. Lucas; Misses Emma and Annie Sheffield, Mrs. O. W. Blake, Miss Julia Weston, etc.

A benefit was given to Fernanda Fleury, at Falls Field Hall Rochester, on the 30th ult., on which occasion Edgar A. Locke and Lewis Abraham, Ethiopian comedians, appeared.

At the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the comedy of "Adventures of a Love Letter" is produced this (Monday) evening. It is an adaptation from a piece which has been running for some time past at the London Haymarket, and bears the name of Mr. Charles Mathews as its author. All the best people in the Arch company are included in the cast. The following piece—"The Volunteers; or, the Rifle and how to Use It"—is of a comic stripe, and quite new to our friends of the drab colored city.

A great entertainment is announced to come off at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 12th inst.; the performances comprising the music of the Germania Band, and the full drill of the Zouaves.

Harry Grattan Plunkett left Liverpool for London on the 19th.

Clark & Brundage's New York Minstrels gave two concerts at Winona, Minnesota, on the 28th and 29th ult. From thence they proceeded to La Crosse, Wisconsin, and thence to Milwaukee, opening at the latter place on the 2d inst. The troupe includes Jimmy Clark, Al. Brundage, Thos. Williamson, Wm. Strong, G. W. Hall, Walter Berry, F. Churchill, Lon Myers, R. Darby, and Jas Cashion.

Of minstrelsy on the other side of the Atlantic, we have the following intelligence:—The Christys were still on their provincial tour, making their way towards Ireland.....Rumsey & Newcomb continued their performances in Liverpool, and are represented as doing very well. Unless business falls off considerably, they will make a long stay there. Unsworth's stump speech, "Or Any Other Man," took well, and so did Eugene's acts.....Joe Brown and Templeton's party, including Dave Wambold, were "holding on" for a short spell.....The Female Christys were travelling through Ireland.....Warden, West, and Farrenberg were playing at Frampton's Music Hall, London.....The Ohio Minstrels were at Knights bridge Music Hall.....J. W. Beyer had arrived out safe, and joined Wash Norton and Frank Diamond, who perform under the title of the Original Billy Patterson Minstrels.

The panorama of Italy opened at Winona, Minnesota, on the 5th inst.

Adelina Patti appears at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, for the week commencing Sept. 2nd.

George Jordan, one of the leading spirits in the secession organization formed by the New Orleans Varieties company, was to have appeared at the Princess' Theatre, London, on the 21 inst., where also, John Brougham was announced to appear. Business was a little slack in London at last accounts.

Miss Eliza Webb (Mrs. Chas. Dillon) made her *debut* at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 24 inst., in the part of Martha Gibbs. On the 4th inst. Mr. Chas Dillon appeared as Sir Giles Overreach.

Gen. Tom Thumb and forces visit Fort Edward, N. Y., Whitehall and Plattsburgh, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th insts. On the 13th and 14th the General will invade Burlington and St. Albans, Vt. From thence he will proceed to Montreal, Canada, and open on the 16th inst.

The following jottings down are from our usual correspondent:—Chicago, Ill., Sept. 6th, 1861.—DEAR CLIPPER.—The coming fair week, commencing next Monday, Sept 8, promises a rich harvest to the professionals, and in this city very extensive preparations are being made to supply the public with amusements of every quality imaginable. Chicago has not been so flooded with amusements for several years, and I am afraid that it will eventually prove disastrous to all parties. McVicker has been doing very well since he opened his last season, and during the fair week he will no doubt also do well. He plays "stock" all next week, opening the week after with Glenn (Samuel) and Miss Ada Proctor. Sothern's engagement here was a very successful one, also Miss Hosmer's.....Dan Emmett, the old original and veritable Dan, opened his Varieties last Monday evening, with a tip-top company, and thus far his efforts have met with decided success. His company consists of George Windship, J. W. Andrews, late of New York, J. V. Chadduck, Jack Talbot, Frank Beier, Joe Gibbs, George Brown, Johnny Mitchell, D. L. Scott, W. H. Evans, M. Gillsima, Miss Clara Day, Miss Victoria, Miss Addie, Miss Annie Perry, and old Dan himself. Billy Lawrence is one of the proprietors, and as long as they continue to give the entertainment they do, they will prosper.....The Canterbury, J. B. Gray, proprietor, is still flourishing as of old. The business is first rate. The company now consists of Miss Amelia Gumbert, Mad. Eloise Fitch, Tom Baker, Old Du Crow, Billy Roche, George Howe, George Fox, Ben Brown, T. L. Fitch, J. Freund, and Master Eddie. Several new performers have been engaged, and will appear after the fair week. With Emmett's Varieties, and the Canterbury, we have now two concert halls which cannot be surpassed this side of New York.....Tom Osborn, clown, has left the Antonio boys, and is here now, and intends opening his hall next Wednesday (Sept. 12th). Tom, you will recollect, was one of the proprietors of the Melodeon, St. Louis last winter, and as he was so successful under that name there, he has adopted the same here, styling his hall, Tom Osborn's Melodeon. Leslie May and Tom Coney, trapeze performers, are engaged, and Osborn has written for several others, whose name will appear in my next. Tom is a great favorite here, and no doubt will do very well..... Dan Rice, with his "big show," is advertised here for the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th. Circuses, as a general thing, pay better in Chicago than any other kind of performance. How Dan will do in Chicago remains to be seen.....Mabie and Nathan's were to be here through the fair week, but as they have not yet advertised, I suppose they have concluded to give it up. I understood from good authority that they intend breaking up for the season on Saturday (to-morrow, Sept. 7), eight miles from Chicago.....The Antonio boys did a tip-top business here, and went away perfectly satisfied with Chicago. Melville was the reigning star. His acts were loudly applauded. The performance throughout was very creditable indeed. T. C. F.

The new comedy of "Uncle Robert, or, Love's Labor Lost," produced at the Boston Museum, on the 2d inst., has been repeated several times, and is up for to-night (Monday), to-morrow, and Wednesday. On Friday last, the author, Mr. T. Pelham Curtis, took a benefit. As we stated in our last, the piece is local, and according to newspaper report, possesses some merit.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels were at Hartford, Conn., last week, and had given eight performances, very successfully it was reported.

Matters continue to go on bravely at the Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels New opera house in Boston, where the run of novelties is well kept up. For the current week, they have a burlesque, "Jeff Davis' Dream." We hear it is a rich affair, and will show up the "secshers" in fine style.

After several successful exhibitions at Providence, R. I., and Worcester, Mass., Frank Rivers' Melodeon Company will spread themselves at Springfield on the 9th, 10th, and 11th inst., and then for two weeks at Hartford, commencing on the 12th.

Miss Addie Proctor and Mr. Samuel Glenn, have just concluded their engagements in Pittsburgh and Buffalo. Upon the termination of their engagement in Buffalo, Miss Proctor was taken ill and compelled to return to her home in Baltimore. She will appear at Chicago on the 16th inst.

Our friend, "Shaker," writing from Philadelphia, under date of 7th inst., thus posts us up in matters pertaining to theatricals The Arch opened on the 31st ult. to a big house. The opening piece was the "School for Scandal;" all the performers acquitted themselves admirably. Good houses all the week.....The season at the Walnut commenced on Monday evening last, the 2d inst., and a very fine audience was in attendance. Mr. Couldock played Luke Fielding, in the "Willow Copse," in his usual good style. The audiences have been very good the entire week.....At McDonough's the heretofore fair business has fallen off considerably, notwithstanding the combined efforts of Miss Lonsdale and Harry Pearson. It seems that this cosy little theatre cannot stand the press when all the establishments are in working order.....Mr. Wheatley opens the Continental on Monday evening, the 9th., with a grand spectacular piece—"Shakespeare's Tempest" .....Sanford has been doing a poor business. He will be reinforced on Monday evening by the Buckley's .....Frank Rivers, it is expected, will turn up about the first of October. I have no doubt of his ability to attract, as on former occasions, although some persons are trying to lessen the Jones Hotel for concert business on a brilliant scale.....The New Grotto is at present the best concert hall in the city, and is doing a good business. Fanny Forrest leaves this week. I have occasion many times to speak of the eccentricities of Denny Gallagher, who, in his peculiar *roles* is excelsior. But as an "end man" in a musical band, he does himself infinite discredit. Leavitt's voice is fast failing him, and he is not half so attractive as I have of en seen him. Ira Paine nightly elicits applause by his ballad singing; Mike McKenna, ditto, in his champion jigs and comic interludes. The singing ladies at this place are not so good as they might be, and the dancing ladies are not terpsichorean *artistes par excellence*. Rosa Volhandt, a pleasing singer, makes her appearance at the Grotto on Monday evening. On the whole, this place is conducted well, and is receiving a fair share of public patronage. Mr. James Thomas, of Thomas' Opera House, one of the pioneers of cheap amusements, retires from the business on Saturday evening next. It is rumored, by-the-way, that he will shortly open a saloon in Chestnut street.....There are nearly a dozen places of amusement unmentioned, all of which are doing a shabby business, with the exception of Valer, of the Metropolitan, between Sixth and Seventh streets, in Chestnut, who has a crowded house every night..... Billy Boyd, a first-class Ethiopian performer, and who has been suffering with a paralytic stroke, is to be the recipient of a benefit on Thursday evening next, at Odd Fellows' Hall.....In all probability Franklin Hall will be opened next week, with an excellent company.

Business is good with Robinson & Co's show at Montreal. W. Herman and C. Hughes "secede" from the concern at Montreal, Herman to make tracks for New-York, after an absence of two years.

SCOTTISH GAMES.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB.

GREAT GATHERING OF THE CLANS AT JONES' WOOD,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

SEVENTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

These annual gatherings of the sons of Auld Scotia in New York, for the celebration of their national games, have been more numerously attended and more interest has been manifested in regard to them, every succeeding year since their inauguration; not only by themselves, but by Americans as well as people of other nationalities. In fact, considering that the first meeting took place only four years since—in Hoboken, in 1857—and then more as an experiment than anything else, the popular favor with which they are regarded, is somewhat marvellous; attributable, however, we doubt not, to the general growth among us of a taste for out door sports and athletic exercises, a result, we are proud to say, that has been to no little extent brought about by the unceasing efforts of the CLIPPER, which has been the book of record, so to speak, of these self same Scottish sports since their commencement. As before stated, the first gathering of the clans to participate in their national pastimes, took place at Hoboken, in 1857, when the Caledonian Club was first organized, and as might be supposed, were not then so interesting in character, as now. The increase of its membership list, was, however, so rapid, that on the following year they determined to seek a more extended field for their operations, and seized upon Jones' Woods, as the "where" their anniversary should be be held, and on the 23d of September, 1858, they assembled at 8 o'clock, A. M., at the Mercer House, in this city, when they formed in procession, and proceeded to the scene of sport. The weather was fine, and in due time the ceremonies commenced, soon after 10, A. M., and were indulged in with gusto, and resulted in the following named gentlemen winning the various prizes offered:—

THROWING THE HEAVY HAMMER.

1..Goldie.....58 feet. | 2..Stevens.....56 feet.

PUTTING THE LIGHT STONE.

1..William Lyons..28 feet 5 inch. | 2..M. Lyons.....25 feet 2 inch.

THROWING THE LIGHT HAMMER.

1..Stevens.....69 feet 9 inch. | 2..Goldie.....68 feet 4 inch.

PUTTING THE HEAVY STONE

1..William Jones..23 feet 1 inch. | 2..Matthew Lyons..22 feet 8 inch.

STANDING JUMP.

1..Mr. Goldie....8 feet 4½ inch | 2..Mr. Montgomery..9 feet 1 inch.

RUNNING JUMP.

1..Montgomery..15 feet 1½ inch. | 2..Goldie.....14 feet 2¾ inch.

HIGH LEAP

1..Mr. Goldie.....4 feet 8 inch. | 2..Mr. Lyons.....4 feet 3 inch.

TOSSING THE CABER.

1..Stevens. 2..J. Cummings.

HIGHLAND FLING.

1..McPherson. 2..A. Frazer.

LONG RACE.

1..Bowman. 2..Montgomery.

WHEELING BARROW, BLINDFOLDED.

1..M. Lyons. 2..Sanderson.

SHORT FOOT RACE.

1..Goldie. 2..Bowman.

SCOTTISH SONG, OR BALLAD.

1..Cummings 2..A. Frazer.

BROAD-SWORD DANCE

1..A. Frazer. 2..McPherson.

SACK RACE.

1..M. Lyons. 2..Sanderson.

The winner of the 1st, 4th and 8th games, Mr. John Goldie, was then, only about 22 years old, but possessed of remarkable activity and muscular power. In putting the heavy and light hammer, however, a Canada visitor, named Alexander Innes, although not a competitor, completely surpassed the feats shown. He threw the former, weighing 17 lbs., sixty feet, and the latter seventy-eight feet. The performance with the heavy hammer has, however, been beaten at Boston, where Mr. J. O. Cameron, a member of the Scottish Club in that city, threw a sledge hammer, 18 lbs. weight, *seventy-two feet eight inches*. "Throwing the Caber" excited considerable interest, and as many of our readers are probably ignorant of the *modus operandi*, we will briefly describe it. The "Caber" is a heavy pole or log of wood, 19 feet long, and about 12 inches in circumference at the thicker end. Each competitor raises it as high as he possibly can in his arms, and then casts it in a direct line from him, so that it may turn completely over in its progress and the end be held in his arms be the farthest from him after it has fallen. The great weight and unwieldly size of the "caber" makes it a most difficult matter to throw it, and on the above named occasion, after repeated failures to cast it, its length and weight were obliged to be reduced by sawing off a portion, before it could be accomplished. It was then thrown three times successively by Messrs. Stevens, Cummings, and Montgomery, in capital style, the former securing the prize for the best cast, and Mr. Cummings the second.

Captain Wm. Manson, the Chief of the Club, presided over the festivities on that year, and the regret will be universal, that the disastrous affair at Bull Run, where he was taken prisoner while doing battle bravely for his adopted country, in the ranks of the 79th, prevented him from being present, and giving additional life to the scenes at Jones' Wood in 1861.

The Third Annual Festival, was celebrated at the same place on the 15th of September, 1859, when the members of the club again assembled at the Mercer House, and headed by Robertson's band, proceeded down Broadway, through the Park, where they took the cars for their destination. On arriving at Jones' Woods, the proceedings were inaugurated by the dancing of a Scotch reel, in which the whole of the members participated, to the music of their national instrument, the bagpipe. After a brief delay the usual sports then commenced, the following named being the successful competitors:—

HEAVING THE HEAVY HAMMER.

1..Geo. Grassick..68 feet 2 inch. | 2..John Goldie....63 feet 6 inch.

THROWING THE LIGHT HAMMER.

1..Geo. Grassick..84 feet 6 inch. | 2..John Goldie.....79 feet

TOSSING THE CABER.

1..Geo. Grassick..... | 2..J. Montgomery.....

PUTTING THE HEAVY STONE

1..Geo. Grassick..23 feet 6 inch. | 2..J. Montgomery.....22 feet

PUTTING THE LIGHT STONE

1..Geo. Grassick..28 feet 6 inch. | 2..J. Goldie.....26 feet.

STANDING JUMP.

1..J. Goldie.....10 feet. | 2..J. Crown.....9 feet 6 inch

RUNNING JUMP

1..J. Goldie.....15 feet | 2..J. Crown.....14 feet 4 inch.

STANDING HIGH LEAP.

1..J. Goldie.....4 feet 5 inch. | 2..J. Crown.....4 feet 4 inch.

RUNNING HIGH LEAP.

1..J. Goldie.....5 feet 1 inch. | 2..J. Crown.....5 feet

HOP, STEP AND JUMP.

1..J. Goldie.....36 feet 6 inch. | 2..J. Crown.....35 feet 3 inch.

BROADSWORD DANCE.

1..Alex Fraser..... | 2..Peter Bowman.....

SHORT RACE.

1..P. Bowman..... | 2..Goldie.....

HIGHLAND FLING.

1..Alex Fraser..... | 2..J. McPherson.....

LONG RACE

1..P. Bowman..... | 2..J. Montgomery.....

HURDLE RACE.

1..D. Miller..... | 2..J. Law.....

WHEELBARROW FEAT, BLINDFOLD.

1..J. Gilluly..... | 2..J. Montgomery.....

SACK RACE.

1..J. Montgomery..... |

The above events were well contested, almost without exception, and of course elicited the applause and mirth of the lookers on. The festivities on this occasion were brought to a close by a dinner at the Apollo Rooms, where mirth and jollity prevailed till the "wee sma hours ayant the twa."

The Fourth Celebration, like the two preceding it also took place at Jones' Woods, on the 25th of September, 1860. The preliminary movements and ceremonies were also similar. The Club marched under the immediate command of Chief David McLellan, who was assisted in the discharge of his duties by Chieftains Wm. G. Cumming, Wm. Manson, George Gilluly, and Chairman Charles Sanderson. Prof. John McPherson officiated as the director of the dancing, &c., &c. Robertson's full band and four able pipers filled up the intervals of time by making the heats of those present happy, and their heels and toes light and lively. The picturesque appearance of the Chiefs in their beautiful dresses was the theme of general praise by all. The gay colors, costly mountings and the iron, masculine, and manly frames upon which they hung rendered them indeed, fit subjects for admiration. Among the many, was the uniform known as the "MacKenzie"—the same as was, and is now worn by the 78th Regiment of Highlanders, who so nobly fought at Lucknow, under the command of Sir Colin Campbell. By the side of this marched a Chieftain all paralled in the rich uniform, celebrated as having been worn by the "Black Watch," or 42d Regiment of Highlanders, whose deeds of valor upon the battle field have made the pages of English history famous. The McGregors dress shone out among the most brilliant, as does the deeds of brave "Rob Roy," in the recollection of his countrymen. The clans of McDonald, Cameron, Gordon, Stuart, and others quite as famous were also ably and brilliantly represented; not the least of which was the full dress parade uniform worn by our own Regiment, the gallant 79th.

After shaking of hands and other substantial greetings between the members of the club and their fellow visitors, the sports commenced, and were conducted in the usual way, the winners of the respective prizes being as here named:—

THROWING THE HEAVY HAMMER.

1..Geo. Grassick.....69 feet | 2..Jas. Stewart.....61 feet.

THROWING THE LIGHT HAMMER.

1..Geo. Grassick..... | 2..Jas. Stewart.....

TOSSING THE CABER.

1..A. M. Taylor..... | 2..J. McPherson.....

BROAD SWORD DANCE

1..J. Taylor..... | 2..J. McPherson.....

PUTTING THE HEAVY STONE.

1..A. Henderson..26 feet 7 inch | 2..W. Lyons....26 feet 6¼ inch

PUTTING THE LIGHT STONE

1..W. Lyons.....31 feet 4 inch. | 2..Jas. Stewart...30 feet 4 inch.

SHORT RACE

1..J. Crown..... | 2..P. Bowman.....

STANDING JUMP

1..J. Goldie.....10 feet. 2 T. Nicol.....9 feet 2 inch.

RUNNING JUMP

1..J. Goldie.....15 feet 7 inch | 2..T. Nicol.....14 feet 5 inch.

LONG RACE.

1..C. Montgomery.. | 2..P. Bowman..... | 3..J. Crossin.....

HURDLE RACE.

1..J. Crown..... | 2..J. Goldie..... | 3..H. Pollock.....

STANDING HIGH LEAP.

1..J. Goldie.4 ft 3 in | 2..J. Nicol 4 ft 2 in | 3..A. Walker.4 ft 1 in

RUNNING HIGH LEAP

1..J. Goldie.....5 feet 1 inch | 2..A. Walker..... .....5 feet.

SACK RACE.

1..W. Montgomery.. | 2..J. Law..... | 3..W. Crossin .....

HOP, STEP AND JUMP.

1..T. Nicol..... | 2..J. Goldie..... | 3..H. Pollock.....

WHEEL BARROW RACE.

1..W. Montgomery.. | 2..J. Robinson..... | 3..D. Clelland.....

This wound up the sports of the day, when the ever pleasing strain, "Come a' the gither," was sounded, the tents were struck, and the happy Highlanders marched for home, highly elated with their gathering for 1860.

We have thus given a cursory account of the progress of the Club up to the present year, which will awaken many a pleasant reminiscence of the past among those who have participated in the enjoyments. This brings us to the

FIFTH ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF THE CLUB,

on the 5th inst., the proceeds of which are to be donated towards relieving the needs of the relatives of our glorious Seventy Ninth Regiment, now located on the banks of the Potomac, protecting the Capital of their adopted country, from the ons aughts of the rebels. Notwithstanding at an early hour of the day foul weather was in the prospective, people began to pour in the gateways, and before the games commenced (10 o'clock) there could not have been less than six thousand present. Ladies were in abundance, and with the excellent music furnished by Robertson's band and the Club's Pipers, we may safely infer that dancing was not neglected. When the Club reached Jones' Woods, headed by Robertson's band and the Pipers, there was a general stampede for the "play ground," around which were placed temporary seats, constructed chiefly for ladies and children. The chiefs were attired in their dashing Highland costumes, chief McClellan's attire being very attractive. After a general recognition of friends, the sports of the day commenced with a good old Scotch reel, followed by a clearing of the ring to open the games with:—

THROWING THE HEAVY HAMMER (18 lbs.)—Two prizes—not named—five competitors. Geo. Grassick was awarded the first prize, and Geo. Goldie the second. Distance 68 feet 8 inches; 65 feet 6 inches.

THE LIGHT HAMMER (14 lbs.)—Two prizes—not named—six competitors. To Geo. Grassick first prize, 89 feet 5 inches; second prize to John Goldie, 84 feet 6 inches.

TOSSING THE CABER.—This is an exercise very laborious, and peculiar to the Scotch. The Caber was a stick of pine, and at the first trial measured nineteen feet in length, but failing to be overturned by the contestants, it was reduced to seventeen feet, the circumference at the heavy end being one foot, and at the light end, six inches. It weighed 150 lbs. There were but four contestants. J. Stewart was awarded the first prize, and Geo. Grassick the second.

FOR THE BROADSWORD DANCE, the contest lay between Prof. John A. Macpherson and John A. Taylor. The former was the victor, having danced two steps more than his opponent. This dance is very interesting to witness. Two swords are crossed, one over the other, and to lively music the dancer breaks away, taking care to avoid the weapons with his feet, or disturb them in any way.

PUTTING THE HEAVY STONE (24 lbs.)—Five competitors. Won by Jas. Stewart, who threw it 26 feet. No. 2 was A. Henderson; 25 feet 3 inches. No. 3 Geo. Grassick; 25 feet 1 inch.

PUTTING THE LIGHT STONE—Eight competitors. Geo. Grassick won the first award; Adam Walker the second, and Wm. Lyon the third. Distance, 32 feet 2 inches; 31 feet 1 inch; 29 feet 9 inches. Geo. Laidlaw, from the Newark N. J. Club, threw the stone 30 feet 4 inches, but he was ruled out, not being a member of the New York Club.

THE SHORT RACE was a well contested affair, and won by John Goldie. Distance, 215 yards. Time 22 seconds. Adam Walker came in a good second, and Thomas Nicol third.

FOR THE STANDING JUMP there were four competitors. Won—First, by Thos. Nicol, 9 feet 8 inches; second, John Goldie, 9 feet 8 inches; third, John Crown 9 feet 5 inches.

THE RUNNING JUMP, for which five entered, was won by John Crown, who made a "stretch" of 16 feet 3 inches. Young Nicol, whom the fair sex desired should win everything, as noted by the interest they manifested in every move he made, jumped 16 feet 10 inches, but lost the award of the first prize, by overstepping the tape. The other jumpers were left in the shade.

THE SACK RACE now followed, and with it came lots of fun and merriment. Young Nicol came in first closely pursued by John Cleghorn, who fell twice. Jas. Law reached the goal third, and the fourth, having fallen, rolled all over the ground, causing "heaps of fun" among the "outsiders."

An intermission for refreshment now took place, and the members of the club and press repaired to a tent within the enclosure, refreshed themselves with good things, topping off with good natured remarks, lager bier, cigars, etc.

THE HURDLE RACE, as set down on the programme, opened the second order of the day. The hurdles, four in number, 5 feet 2 inches in height, with three bars, were of a much better construction than those used on the last anniversary, and would bear, to all appearances, the climbing over of a dozen bulls. The distance ran was 430 yards, being twice around the "roped arena." There were five "peds" in for the race. On the word "go," they made a good start, Geo. Goldie taking the lead, closely followed by Pollock, who, on crossing the third hurdle on the first round, made a dashing spurt and passed Goldie. Pollock maintained his position until near the last hurdle on the home stretch, when Walker went ahead; but the latter, in too eager haste to cross the bars, fell to the ground, and before he could recover himself, Pollock dashed over the hurdle with ease and elegance, passing in a winner in 1 min. 35 secs. Walker reaching the post in 1 min. 40 secs.

THE HIGHLAND FLING prize was accorded to John Taylor, Mr. Macpherson, his only competitor, not dancing the fling correctly.

FOR THE STANDING HIGH LEAP there were six competitors—won by John Goldie, he having leaped 4 feet 5 inches. There was much interest manifested in this struggle, as Goldie's toughest opponent was a younger brother, Geo. Goldie, who leaped 4 feet 2 inches.

THE RUNNING HIGH LEAP.—The bar was first put at 4 feet, and raised one inch at a time, as follows:—No. 1. John Goldie, 5 feet 1 inch—his jump, each of the past three years. 2. Thos. Nicol, at 5 feet. 3. A. Walker, 4 feet 11 inches. John Crown, 4 feet 11 inches.

THE LONG RACE.—Five entered—H. Pollock proving the winner in 1min 5sec. The winner ran the first 215 yards in 30 seconds. Whole distance, 430 yards.

THE HOP, STEP, AND JUMP.—Six competitors. Won by Young Nicol, who cleared 37 feet.

THE WHEEL BARROW RACE, BLINDFOLDED.—This feature, the concluding one of the day, produced a great amount of "broad grins" and "haw-haws." To look at a man blindfolded pushing a wheel-barrow before him, and he a stranger to the ground, would be sufficient to render one liable to explode. First he goes one way, then another; next he turns aside or retreats in a winding way; stops short at an elevation of the ground, and thinking that he knows "that spot," wheels about again, and probably fetches up at the very spot he started from. This was well illustrated in this race by Mr. Pollock, who, in the final struggle for the first prize neared the winning-post seven times, and just as he would be about to make his stand, away he would go, leaving the goal behind him. In this affair there were three heats, the best three to compete for the prize. The men were placed with their backs to the course they should traverse, and at the order to start were to "wheel about" and make tracks for the winning-post as best they knew how, the nearest to the post to be declared the winner. It was won by Geo. Grassick.

Here ceased the festivities of the day, and after mutual congratulations all round the club, led by the band of music proceeded to headquarters at the Mercer House, taking the Third Avenue cars as far down as Eighth street and Broadway. When the judges, Lieut. Thos. R. Sanderson, of the 79th; James Nicholson, president of the Burns Club, and John G. Innes, the guests and members of the Caledonian Club "came a' the gither," there followed a good time socially. But few that were present will ever forget the good time spent at the "gathering of the clans," on the occasion of the benefit of the gallant Seventy-ninth, which it is to be hoped, will swell the contents of the treasury box for so worthy an object.

As it may prove a source of interest to many of our gymnastic friends, we append a comparative table of the distances thrown with the light and heavy hammers, the height and distance leaped, &c., at Boston, Montreal, New York and Kelso, Scotland.

	Kelso		Boston		Montreal.		N. Y.
	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	ft. in.
Standing Hop Step and Jump	30	11	25	6	28	4	——
Running Hop Step and Jump	43	7	——		35	10	37
Standing High Leap	4	4	——		4	1	4 5
Running High Leap	5	4	——		5	5	4 8
Running Long Leap	19	2	17	2	18	8	16 3
Standing Long Leap	——		9	7	11	2	10
Pole Leap, height	10	0	——		7	6	——
Throwing Heavy Hammer	35	21 lbs	72	8 lbs	60	2	69
Throwing Light Hammer	82	6 lbs	——		90	6	89 5
Tossing Heavy Caber	——		——		23	10	——
Tossing Light Caber	——		——		35	0	——
Tossing Light Stone	——		——		42	9	32 2
Tossing Heavy Stone	——		——		33	6	26 7

This table would have been more complete, had we known the exact weight of the heavy and light hammers, cabers and stones, used in each case, so that an approximate estimate of the relative abilities of the contestants might be made.

FOOT RACE AT OXFORD, WIS.—They have had quite an excitement in the way of pedestrianism in Wisconsin recently. It appears that a young man made a sudden appearance among the sports of Sparta, and gave his name as Geo. K. Seymour. From thence he went to La Crosse, and beat Frank Van Sickles, a noted ped there, in a race of 200 yards, for $200, after a close contest; and afterwards received $ 00 forfeit from the same individual, which was half the stake for which they were to run a race of 50 yards. He was next matched with Rhinehart of Oxford to run 150 yards for $200 a side, which took place at Oxford on the 1st ult., which Seymour won quite easily, which took the defeated and his friends quite by surprise, as he (Rhinehart) had previously done 150 yards, it is said, in 14¾ secs. The occasion made quite a sporting day for Oxford, nearly 3000 people being present to see it, including not a few ladies. The "track" that was prepared for the fast pedestrians, was neatly laid out in a beautiful grove near the town, and it was indeed a magnificent one, being enclosed by a rope stretched among the surrounding foliage and giving the track the appearance of a large amphitheatre. The betting commenced early in the day, and was kept up quite lively until the appointed hour for the race. Sparta was the favorite among the "specie" men, although the friends of Rhinehart were confident of success, and bet freely upon their choice. About four o'clock notice was given that the race would soon take place, and as if by magic the vast assemblage left the streets of the town and ran as if they were all on a wager, to the immediate scene of action, and each secured a favorable position on the ground to behold the contest that should determine the prospects of those involved. As the appointed moment drew near, the two peds made their appearance inside the ring, and were greeted with hearty cheers from the motley throng. After the formality of measuring the distance, choosing judges and tossing for choice of track, was disposed of, which by the way ended in favor of the Oxford incumbent, the two runners took their places. The "Sparta Boy" appeared dressed in a white shirt and trunks of the same material; while Rhinehart wore a spotted shirt and green

A CRITICISM ON CRICKET:

SECOND INNINGS.

The reader may remember that I scored in my last innings some remarks upon the modern catapultive style of bowling, and some regrets that, to my thinking, the pleasure of the game has in some degree been lessened by it. We live in a fast age, and I suppose our bowlers fancy they must keep pace with the times; but I am pretty sure that certainty is often sacrificed to speed, and that many a young cricketer has spoilt his style in bowling by aiming too exclusively at quickness in delivery. The great thing to be learnt, is to make sure of a good length, and to vary pace and pitch with ease as well as accuracy.

To practise this, the best way is to go out with a friend, and stand at two grounds' length apart, with a single stump between you. Peg a bit of paper, each at three or four yards from the wicket, and bowl alternate balls for an hour at a time, only scoring when you hit both the paper and the wicket. Change the distance of the former after every dozen balls, so as to acquire the knack of varying four lengths; and especially endeavor to deliver with a twist, which, by beginning with slow balls, you will speedily acquire, and by practice, will be able to introduce with swift ones. An old bowler I knew (I believe he was among the very first of the round-handers) could pitch a ball at least a yard wide of the stumps, and yet make it shoot straight into them. I have often heard him boast that he could bowl a "bailer" that should pitch behind the batsman; and after hitting round at what one thought a safe leg-ball from him, I have often been disgusted to find it take the wicket.

Good bowling is so vitally essential to good cricket, that I wonder that more pains are not taken in the practice of it. The annual defeat of the Gentlemen by the Players, which is becoming every year, it seems, more sure in its recurrence, I attribute in chief measure to the fact that, as a rule, the Gentlemen bowl badly, because they never practice it. Last year at the Oval, the Players beat them in one innings, with nearly 200 runs to spare; and at Lord's this year a like defeat occurred, the Players scoring, in their one innings, 246, while the Gentlemen made 70 and 116. The return match, too, the Players have won easily in one innings, making the large score of 358, while the Gentlemen scored 154 and 136. This result I see is, in the "Times" account, assigned to "the fine bowling of Jackson and Willsher throughout, combined with the general good fielding of the Players;" but there is no doubt the inferior bowling of the Gentlemen had quite as much to do with it. Of course it would not be in reason to expect an amateur to bowl as well as a professional without like constant practice; and gentlemen, it may be said, have neither need nor wish to take up cricket as a business, and so give up much time to it. But surely if they can spare time to practice it at all, they ought not to confine themselves exclusively to batting; at any rate, if they intend to keep on foot their annual match with the professionals, they ought to try their hand at bowling every now and then, if only for the purpose of preventing such preposterous defeats as have been witnessed. Some few years ago the sides were much more equal;* but since it has been common to employ professional bowlers in almost every match, the bowling of the Gentlemen has more and more fallen off, and the victory of the Players been more and more made safe. As a preventive of the ludicrous defeats which are sustained, I see a writer in "Bell's Life" suggests that matches should in future be played by eighteen Gentlemen against eleven Players, or else that numbers should be equal, but the Gentlemen should have a brace of bowlers given them. This, of course, would make the sides more equal than they have been, but the match could be no longer viewed with special interest, nor regarded as a trial of our amateur opposed to our professional strength and skill. For my own part, I detest a game where there are more than eleven in the field. Cricket, to *be* cricket, must be played by two elevens; and each side should be truly that which it is called. If the Gentlemen play the Players, they should all of them be gentlemen, and not let their hardest work be done by bowlers from the other side.

The plan of hiring a professional as bowler to a club no doubt tends very much to the improvement of the batsmen; but I regret to see it made, as it is often, an excuse for gentlemen to give up bowling altogether, and for getting it done for them, not merely upon practice days, but when they play a match. Generally speaking, more depends upon the bowler than on any other man; and when the Ballborough Eleven brag of having smashed the Stumpington, I incline to give the laurels where they are justly due, and to chronicle that Slowsure, the Ballborough paid bowler, proved a better man than Roundshot, the professional of Stumpington. Why men don't practice bowling, merely for the pleasure of it, is more than I, who used to revel in it, can pretend to guess. If you play simply for exercise, as many a man does, a few overs will do more for you in sudorification than will any other field-work; and as for fancying that a bowler only comes in for hard work, and has no real enjoyment in it, the man who can say that has never drawn a wicket.

Batting is well enough, and there is certainly a savage sort of luxury in making a good slashing hit; but of all the joys of cricket none equals the delight of scattering the stumps. You feel the same kind of pleasure as when you win a well-contested game of chess. You pit yourself against a man, and he defies you, and you beat him and when his wicket falls you feel yourself superior, and your glory is the more because you say, "Alone I did it!" I think the joy of ripping out the middle stump of a good batter surpasses even that of wiping a man's eye at an overhead cock pheasant, going down wind at the rate of forty miles a minute, or of clearing an ugly-looking brook or bit of timber, which has been a baulk to some of the best-mounted in the field.

It is a great pity, I think, that bowling is not practiced more than it now seems to be, and that young players are not warned that pace is not by any means the most important point to aim at. It would seem now that in bowling there is a mania for speed, as there is in dancing hunting, and in shooting. But the old waltz is by far more graceful than the deux temps, and the best of shots and riders must acknowledge that good sport is often sacrificed to pace. So the fastest balls prove often less effective than the slowest, and have this further disadvantage, that, by mere force of recoil, they fly further when hit. Moreover, as a rule, a man can bowl more steadily when he does not strain himself to keep up a great pace, and many a match is lost by the bowlers putting on too much steam at the first, and thereby tiring themselves out before they have half done their work. "Take it easy," is the best of rules for a young bowler; and, however hot the day may be, mind you keep your temper cool. When once a bowler gets "put out," he will have small chance of putting out the batter, and the safest thing to do with him is to treat him as a teakettle, and, directly he shows signs of boiling over, take him off.

Whether it be worth paying a couple of hundred pounds a year for the privilege of learning to pull well and play cricket, is a point which I shall leave to Her Majesty's Commissioners who are appointed to inquire into the state of education at Winchester and Eton and our other public schools. It is, however, certain that whatever other benefits their system may confer, it tends more than any other to make good oarsmen and good cricketers. Excepting in the holidays, we at Greyfriars had small chance of getting up our rowing, but for cricket we went in with all our spirit and our strength: and, considering the limited extent of the Lark's grass-plot, which served us for a cricket field, our prowess at the game was, to say the least, praiseworthy, and such as any old Greyfriars man might well feel proud to see. It was a great grief, I remember, that we could not test our strength at Lord's, by playing in the annual tripartite scholastic games. *Eheu fugaces!* other memories than ours must now bewail those happy times! What could have induced the masters of those other schools to forbid a pleasant meeting which both men and boys looked forward to and annually enjoyed, it is not my present province to inquire. But I cannot help dropping a tear of sympathy for those who, being Wykehamists, must have felt the loss even more than I, though every public schoolman has reason to bewail it.

But though we at Greyfriars could never play at Lord's among the "glorious Three," we had our annual matches of the Past *versus* the Present—the men against the boys. And jolly meets they were, and are, too, I doubt not; only I fear the roundshot bowling has somewhat rubbed the fun out. Oh! how for days beforehand we would talk about the match, and watch with growing interest the progress of our Eleven, who trained daily for the game. And then, when the day came, how hastily we swallowed down our lunch of bread and soap (as we with annual jocosity christened our school cheese; this being, by the way, the only day in all the year we had the chance of tasting it), and how eagerly we rushed out to see what old fellows had come, and to hear what rumors were afloat anent their playing. The ground had been marked out at least a week ago, (and woe betide the fag whose foot between whiles had been seen on it!) and long before breakfast the wickets had been pitched, and an Argusy of eyes has tested their exactness. What a cheer there is when our Eleven win the toss, and magnanimously suffer their opponents to go in; and what handclapping there is as every wicket falls, and how we hope our shouts of triumph will strike terror to the foe, whom we impartially abstain from in any way encouraging. Haply one of the masters plays, to fill a vacant place, and then how we rejoice to see his stumps sent flying, or to laugh at him when scampering for a ball he should have stopped. But our loudest exultation is when one of our Eleven hits a "skyer" over Cloisters, or far into Under Green, and after running a good fiver, scores another one or two by a clumsy throwing up. Shrill hurrahs and rounds of hand-clapping salute the heroes, as, to rest themselves, they sit upon their bats, and the only damper thrown upon our spirits is when, perhaps emboldened too much by our applause, one of the heroes, not long after, by a sad fate gets run out.

Nor was our pleasure over with the ending of the game; for after it came the supper, (known to us as the "tuck out") and to some inglorious minds this was by no means least looked forward to among our day's delights. The "Uppers" of the school enjoyed the envied privilege of sitting down with the Elevens, and when their *fames* was *exempta*, and they got up from their seats, we fags who were in waiting, made a rush into their places, and feasted on the fragments as fast as we could eat. Kind masters would secure an emptied pie-dish or a salad-bowl, and fill it before leaving with whatever their fags brought them, so that layers of cold fowl would alternate with strata of raw currants, creams, and custards, and on a tipsy cake foundation, would be raised successive stories of jam tart and lobster salad, grapes, trifle, and spiced beef. *O dura ilia puerorum!* What would aldermen not give for the elastic powers of appetite wherewith we used to pitch into these horrifying mixtures and the freedom from dyspepsia evinced by sleeping after them. Other cricket-suppers than those enjoyed at Greyfriars live yet among my pleasantest remembrances. Will the next age have the like joys to look back upon? Except in the remotest of our rural districts, cricket suppers are becoming sadly out of fashion, and I fear it is considered somewhat vulgar to indulge in them. Late dinners, perhaps, have helped to put them out of date; but whatever be the cause, I think it a great pity that they should be extinct, and I hope to see, ere long, an effort made for their revival. Not that I agree quite with the widely-accepted maxim that we Englishmen can do nothing whether in business or in pleasure, without plenty of eating and drinking. But the meet after the match affords a pleasant time for chat, and many a life friendship which is first formed upon the field, is cemented in the supper-room. Men now are much too business-like to please me in their pastimes. They hurry home from hunting as they do out of a theatre, and they cut away from cricket, scarcely bidding a good-bye, and as though glad to get it over. Now this is surely an ill compliment to those they have been playing with, and for many other reasons I think it a mistake. The drive through a pleasant country from a well contested match, is to me far more enjoyable when taken leisurely and calmly in the cool of the late evening, with one's supper safe inside one, than when you hurry off the ground as hard as you can pelt, hot, and may be hurt, or freshly smarting from defeat.

I have had some slight experience in getting up a club, and know a little of the duties of those who undertake its management; and I think success depends in a very great degree upon the rules laid down at starting for the management of matches, and the spirit of obedience, good temper, and good-will, with which such regulations as seem needful are observed. In choosing an Eleven, I consider it essential to elect a proper captain, and, when chosen, to invest him with absolute authority. It saves a world of trouble to place in his sole hands the appointment of the field, and uncontrolled decision in cases of dispute. Many a match is lost for want of a good general; and if the captain be held responsible for failure, he will keep his wits about him and lose no chance to win. It will be for him to say when to try a change of bowling (I have often seen a wicket drawn by taking off a good bowler and putting on a bad one); and his practised eye will note the style of play in each new batsman, and tell him how to vary the disposal of the field. Nothing more displays the skill of the professional Elevens than their quickness in discovering the favorite hits of players, and taking steps to stop them. A peculiar hit is made, and a run or two obtained; a similar ball is bowled and it is similarly hit, but by the beckoning of the captain a fieldsman has been moved, and the player is caught out. Very many of the victories the Elevens have obtained over Sixteens and Twenty-twos, have in great measure been gained by dodges of this sort; and young players may learn much by watching such good generalship, and seeing how to take advantage of an enemy's weak points.

As a rule, I fear that fielding is terribly neglected, and, like bowling, is not practised half enough by amateurs. We at Greyfriars used often to have afternoons for practice, thirteen only playing, so as to have two batsmen in rotation at the wickets, and the rest at their appointed places in the field. There cannot well be sides in such a game as this; but to keep the interest up it is as well to take the score, and the man who makes most runs may be held the winner of the game. At any rate, such play is vastly more improving than a game at "tip-and-run," which is all very good fun for muffs who only blind-swipe, and have a wish to exercise their lungs as well as legs. And it is vastly more amusing, at least in my opinion, than the "practice" that one sees upon nine club-days out of ten, and which consists in simply pitching some half score of wickets some half dozen yards apart, so that nobody, of course, can hit to leg or point without the chance of breaking some one else's head. There is certainly excitement in practice of this sort, but I must confess that it is not much to my taste; and, after all, such play is terribly slow work, for the players loll and smoke until their turn comes for the bat, and if you are so unlucky as to make a slashing hit, you have to bellow out "Ball, thank you!" until you are half hoarse, and even then the chance is you must go for it yourself.

But what is better than good generalship, and more important to good cricket, I consider it essential that there should be good fellowship. As cricket is sport, and is merely played for exercise and healthful recreation, it never should be played but with good feeling and good humor. No matter who wins, they who lose their temper I can but hold to lose; and I would say to any cricketer, if you cannot play without squabbling, you had better not play at all. I have heard of deadly feuds between two rival country clubs, and how the Swipewell never played a match with the Long Stopperton without the day's fun ending in a wrangle and a fight. But I hope these bad old bulldog times are past, and, although the fire of rivalry may be as hot as ever, I trust players are too sensible to let their temper become heated by it. No man has a claim to be considered a good cricketer who allows himself to show a sign of anger at defeat. I recollect once playing in a match where our antagonists, against express agreement, brought a paid player to bowl. The ground was hard and rough, and we thought his bowling dangerous; but he pledged his word that he would moderate his pace. Rather than not play, we therefore waived objection, and for the first innings he contrived to keep his word. But when I drew his wicket with, I think, my second ball, he broke his bat upon the ground in a sudden fit of rage (an act which, had I been their captain, would certainly have got him his dismissal on the spot), and when we took our second innings he bowled with all his might, and I especially came in for a full share of his wrath. It is not because my legs were next day black and blue that I treasure the reflection that this was no true cricketer, however good a player he may have been and is.‡

Some may think that it may be from such remembrances as these, and because I have poor pluck and cannot bear a good bruising, that I have protested against the fast round bowling. But this indeed is not the case. My chief cause of objection is not at all one based on any personal antipathy to having my legs pounded to the colors of the rainbow, or losing half my beauty by getting a black eye, or having (say) the bridge of my finely chiselled nose smashed. I object to round-shot bowling mainly on the score that, to my thinking, it lessens the enjoyment of the game. Few people can face a really swift round bowler without feeling somewhat nervous about their eyes and limbs; and although, by constant practice, such feeling may wear off, they can never be at their ease when at the stumps. I think much more amusement may be got out of the game when there is less danger in it; and though I have small wish to see young men made mollycoddles, and funky of hard knocks, I think games, to *be* games, ought to have some fun in them. I admit there's more variety in round than under bowling, and I have no wish to see the round become extinct. But, judging by what daily one reads about "the slows," it surely cannot be said success is always with the swift; on the contrary, although there may not be such "devil" in them, I think, with proper practice, the slows may be destructive as the rapids of Niagara. And why I cry out for slow bowling is, that I consider much more real fun and pleasure is produced by it. When a ball is discharged as from the mouth of a six-pounder, you must look out for your legs, or you'll have no legs to look to. But with slower bowling you have leisure to enjoy yourself, and instead of standing swathed up at the wicket like a mummy or a mute, you can laugh and chaff with those who are about you, without fearing that your laughter may be turned by a leg ball to the wrong side of your mouth. As they are played at present, the only fun in matches appears to be in the queer names which are oftentimes assumed; but to call yourselves "Anomalies," or "Amalgamated Duffers," appears, at least to my thinking, a rather feeble joke, and one I am by no means disposed to join in laughing at.

No one ever heard of a third innings at cricket, or it would be easy to write another paper on the points I have not noticed. But I think I hear the editor, who is my umpire, crying "Time!" and so I must cut short what more I have to say. Some people seem to fancy that, as men get more luxurious, cricket may die out: or that the love of rifle practice will gradually supplant it. I have little fear, however, of either of these deaths for it; in fact, I quite believe that so long as there are Englishmen, so long there will be cricket. The love of out-door exercise is much too strong a passion with us ever to die, and cricket is a sport in everybody's reach; and one, therefore, that the "Million" will be sure to keep on foot, if ever it be neglected by the "Upper Ten Tousand."

H. SILVER.

*The matches which were played in the years 1842, 1843, 1846, 1848, 1849, and 1853, were all of them decided in favor of the gentlemen, who since the year last mentioned have not won a single match.

‡I think I ought to add that, in a dozen years' experience, this has been the only case in which I have ever found a hired player misconduct himself. As a rule, professional cricketers are in their behavior all that one can wish; and one very rarely hears a foul word from their lips, as one does too often from watermen and jockeys, and other paid professors of gentlemanly sports.

FUN!—OUR REGIMENT.—The 13th Regiment Illinois Volunteers publish a paper called *Our Regiment*, the merits of which are not to be measured by its size. Here is a specimen of its literature:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS HEAVY MUD INFANTRY,
Camp Rolla, July 17, 1861.

TO THE EDITOR OF OUR REGIMENT.—Heavy? Yes, sir. Bound to shoot rebels. This is the report. Chicago boy, the undersigned. I'm always boasting of Chicago. I'm full of fight. Although fighting is not my forte, I do not think I would stand being knocked down. I joined this August body in April, and we May March daily, for we are getting stronger weekly. I may say, in good season, if we Spring upon the enemy he is sure to Fall, for our Summersaults will be a dose that will prove "their Winter of discontent." He will have to evacuate. We won't strike light, for the South is no match for us. When the country called all hands to arms, I thought it a proud legacy to leave posterity, that I joined a division of the Union. I set my name down, and there it stands. Nice uniform. Had my hair cut with a knife and fork. Red hair, yellow jacket, blue shirt, white hat, plantation shoes, pink trowsers, bell-buttons on behind, where I never saw them before. Left the city under encouraging circumstances. Tooth-ache, nail in my shoe, forgot my rations, something in my eye. Chap in rear file rasping my shins. Got out of step and hurt my instep. While marching, washerwoman handed me a bill. Had no money, and she had no sense. Wanted to know where our quarters were. Asked her who gave the order to charge? Bad boy on sidewalk crying out, "Pay the poor woman." Loaded the little son-of-a-gun with abuse, and he went off. Arrived in Camp Rolla all right, nobody being left. Intentions to sleep in tents, but were in-tents-ly disappointed, as we slept on the grass, which, after all, served us as well to all intents and purposes. Placed minute-men on watch, who moved all hands every second, until we really thought it time to strike. Took my turn in going around. Shot a cow and calf. 'Tis meet to be here.' Fighting, you see, for the public weal—placing our lives at stake. Took the hind-quarters into head-quarters. Pork in various shapes for rations heretofore. Not Jew-dishes. Sergeant Hinmann would like to have some mutton. Told me to stir up, get a horse, and find a saddle. Sergeant Hinmann's drilling is a complete bore, and he thinks he augurs well on the whole Marches us round in a body, until he almost wears out our soles. Makes our squad run, so we will be fully able to sail in when we have the enemy at bay. Of course, we have our fine times. Had some light reading sent me by a sexton; 'Annual report of Rose Hill,' 'Ghost Stories,' and his business circular, with a price list of coffins, etc. I should like to overtake that undertaker. Sergeant Hinmann speaks disparagingly of our literary tastes. Says the only thing red in the camp is my nose. My nasal organ. I mention it because it's a military move to right about face. Music by the band. I must come to a full stop now for a period. Flip-flap.

Yours, jolly and contented, G. N. L. SCOTTY."

JONESEY ON THE "LICKER LAW."—John Jones has no objection to the lick her law when applied to Jane. Jane Jones contends stoutly for the liquor law as applicable to John. Jane's argument is simple and conclusive. When John does liquor, he does licker; when John don't liquor, he don't lick her; therefore, if her John can't liquor, he won't lick her—the conclusion she wishes to reach.

A YOUNG LADY GOES TO THE WAR.—THE WAY IT ENDS.—Some two months since a young lady of Albany went to Washington to get a situation as nurse to one of the regiments. She applied to the War Office and was told to come again. She was told this every day for two weeks, when she thought she would go into the laundry business and do up washing for a company belonging to the 8th Regiment of New York. She continued in the laundry business till the regiment left for New York. She then connected herself with one of the Western regiments. Last week she had a flare up with the Western regiment when she again applied to the War Office for the position of nurse. War Office said, "No vacancies, better go home and raise recruits." Young lady said, "I will do it or faint." Young lady kept her word. Young lady arrived in Albany, and on the next day added to the population of that city a pair of twins—both males. Having raised her "recruits" she talks of returning to Washington and demanding that position in the army which her labors entitle her to.

"BIG."—The La Crosse, Wis., *Democrat*, in speaking of a company of artillery of that place, says:—It would do a consumptive good to see some of the men—tough, hardy sons of the forest, with muscles like whip cords—grip like that of a vice, flesh perfectly healthy, they will make an awful crowd to fight. To see some of them with shirts cut low in the neck, head up like a steer in the corn, boxing, wrestling, and holding at arm's length from forty to sixty-five pounds in each hand, looks like "business." They amuse themselves by carrying a hundred pounds of shot up two pairs of stairs in their teeth, catching up in their arms, colts that pass, and single-handed, running out and stopping passing wagons by catching them by one wheel, to the wonder of both team and driver. A breezy set of boys. This morning one *infant*, six feet five and a quarter inches in his stockings, got mad because he could not shoulder the cannon without help, and offered to bet fifty dollars that his elder brother (an inch taller) could do it!

HOW HE RANG THE BELLS, AND WON $20.—At the Brevoort House, in this city, one evening recently, there was a dispute about the reality of Spiritualism, when a wag came forward and said he had no doubt there was something in it, as he himself was a sort of "medium." "How a medium?" inquired the landlord. "Why," replied the wag, "I can do a good many mysterious things; for instance, I can make a bell ring without touching it." The landlord offered to bet he could not. The wag persisted, and said that he would lay $20 that he could make at least a dozen of the bells in that room ring within two minutes, without moving from where he sat. "Done!" exclaimed the landlord, and the money was put up. The wag turned round in his seat, opened a closet door, and turned off the gas from the upper part of the building. In less than one minute half the bells in the office began to ring violently. The lodgers above had lost their lights. The $20 was fairly won.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S
IMPROVED

BILLIARD TABLES
AND
COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

Protected by Letters Patent dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 23, 1856, Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; and March 29, 1859. The recent improvements in these Tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to scientific Billiard players as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any Billiard Table. Also

PHELAN'S NEW BOOK.—"The Game of Billiards," 4th edition, enlarged, revised, illustrated with additional diagrams and a portrait on steel of the author. Price, one dollar, elegantly bound, sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Address PHELAN & COLLENDER, 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street.

GREAT BOOKS!!
NEW BOOKS! NEW BOOKS!
DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR A
CATALOGUE
OUR NEW CATALOGUE NOW READY.
SENT FREE—POSTAGE PAID—ON APPLICATION
THE OLD ESTABLISHED AND ONLY RELIABLE BOOK,
AND SPORTING GOODS AGENCY,
Where orders are promptly and faithfully executed.
Address,
THOMAS ORMSBY,
Marble Buildings,
11 86 Nassau Street, New York.

DR. TUMBLETY'S PIMPLE BANISHER.
OLD FACES MADE TO LOOK YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL.
You may obtain a handsome complexion exempt from Pimples, Blotches, &c., by using
DR. TUMBLETY S PIMPLE BANISHER.
Price One Dollar per Bottle, sent by Mail or Express, to any address. Office 499 Broadway. 17-3m*

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
SPORTING ARTICLES, CARDS AND PRINTS.
J. H. FARRELL, Bookseller, 14 and 16 Ann street, New York.
Books of every variety, either Foreign or Domestic, furnished on application.
Parties desiring books of any description, by sending address, post paid, will receive immediate attention.
All Books, Sporting and Fancy Articles you may see avertised, will be furnished to order.
Catalogues sent on application. Address
J. H. FARRELL,
Dealer in Books and Fancy Articles,
19-tf 14 and 16 Ann street, New York.

PAPER, PAPER, PAPER.—The largest stock of book, news and wrapping paper in the city.
STRAW BOARDS and STRAW PAPERS for Shipping.
CANDLE-WICK and CAP-WASTE.
47-tfv.8 BEEBE, HALL & SANDS, 27 Beekman st.

BOOKS, PRINTS, CARDS, &c.—
CATALOGUES
sent to the country on receipt of a three cent stamp.
Address
JOHN ATCHISON,
93 Duane street, N. Y.
No fraud practised. No agents employed. 9

BOXING AND SWORD GLOVES, Riding and Shooting Leggins, and Buckskin Shooting Coats, manufactured by HEALY & CO.,
8-tf S. E. cor. Fourth and Chesnut sts., Philad'a, Pa.

GAME FOWLS.—For sale and always on hand for breeding, or Pit purposes, such as English, Irish, Derbies, Seftons, Mexicans, and all of the most popular breeds imported into this country; also, two pairs of imported fowls for sale. Eggs $3 per dozen. Address L. B. LEGG, Box 66, Dover, N. H. 47

FUN AND FROLIC.—Send a red stamp for our catalogue of rare books. J. B. MORPHY,
17-tf 26 Ann street, New York.

"WHILE WE LIVE, LET US LIVE"
J. A. WALNUT,
OYSTER AND DINING SALOON,
212 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., New York.
8-tf OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED BOOK AGENCY.—Orders respectfully solicited. Send for a Circular.
[6-tf] HENRY STEPHENS, 85 Nassau street, New York.

SPORTING BOOKS.
GAY BOOKS.
FOR A CATALOGUE SEND TO
CHARLES S. ATWOOD,
14-4t 24 Ann street, N. Y.

SACRED BOOKS, &c.—Catalogues sent to any part of the United States and Canada, free of charge. Address P. O. Box 10, Shirley Village, Mass. 21-2t*